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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMING CHINAMAN.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

This good town of North Adams, though not forgetful to extend its hospitality to strangers, and not easily caught napping, has suddenly and almost unawares been called to entertain Celestials.

There are manufacturers of shoes and there are makers of shoes. The longer Latin word describes the capitalist, the shorter Saxon the laborer. Between these two classes for the last three or four years there has been open or suppressed war in North Adams. The shoemakers here and elsewhere have formed themselves into a secret guild, called the Knights of St. Crispin; and their exactions and demands came at length to be regarded by the manufacturers as intolerable. Finally, in May last, one of these manufacturers, Mr. C. T. Sampson, presented to the Crispins his ultimatum, which was promptly rejected. On this he hired other shoemakers, from North Brookfield in this state, who were ready to work on the terms proposed; but these, on arriving in the village, were met by the North Adams Crispins and persuaded to return. That afternoon Mr. Sampson's agent quietly departed from the village; and in one month returned, bringing over the Rocky Mountains seventy-five Chinamen, with whom he had contracted to work three years. The excitement of the populace may be imagined. Two or three thousand people flocked to the railway station, and the street along which the Chinamen must pass to the factory was lined with curious spectators. There had been threats of violence; but the only two young Crispins who made any demonstrations of this sort were promptly arrested, and the unique procession reached its destination without any serious trouble.

For nearly two weeks they have occupied the snug quarters prepared for them in the factory of Mr. Sampson; and, though they have not been molested, the town has rocked with excited discussions about them. The manufacturers (not only those engaged in the shoe business, but the owners of the cotton and woolen mills as well) watch the experiment with deep and silent interest. The work-people generally are bitterly hostile to the Coolies. Most of the traders sympathize with the work-people, the rumsellers being loudest in their protests and denunciations; while in the rest of the community opinions differ widely—some being ready to give the strangers hearty welcome, while others are full of fears for the result of the movement. The excitement has not been confined to North Adams. Reporters from all parts of the country have hastened to give Ah Sing and his comrades a taste of the new American beatification—Blessed are the interviewed, for they shall have their names misprinted in the newspapers." Labor reformers have seized the occasion to renew the agitation on behalf of the new workingmen's party; and by the light of torches in the evening air noisy demagogues have harangued excited crowds of mechanics and operatives in many of the larger towns. The General Court of Massachusetts has paused in its squabble over Hartford and Erie long enough to consider a resolve relating to the Coolies; and even Congress itself has heard of the strangers in North Adams, and has listened to the outcry of the Pacific Coast against their coming.

Most of the hostility to the Chinaman seems to be based on a misunderstanding. It has been reported that Mr. Sampson's agent hired these Coolies of a firm in San Francisco, with the stipulation that they should be returned, dead or alive, at the end of three years. The general belief is that these men are in a servile condition—that they belong for a term of years, if not for life, to the Chinese firm through whom they were hired, and that their wages are paid to this firm. This belief is wholly unfounded. Whatever may be the usual custom of those who employ Chinamen in California or elsewhere, Mr. Sampson has not been a party to any such bargain. These men are not servile laborers. The Chinese firm in San Francisco assisted Mr. Chase, Mr. Sampson's agent, in his negotiations with them, and received pay for services rendered; but they pretended to have no control over the men. A placard was posted at the door of their place of business, calling for Chinese laborers to go to Massachusetts. Of those who answered this call some were hired and some were rejected as unfit; the bargain was made with the men themselves; the wages are to be paid to the men themselves; nothing was said about returning their bodies; the Chinese firm have nothing further to do with the transaction; and, if these men are in any sense of the word slaves, neither Mr. Sampson nor the men themselves are aware of it. The recent explosion of wrath in Congress about what was called a contract for servile labor made on Chinese soil was, therefore, wholly premature. The Chinamen come to North Adams on precisely the same footing with other emigrants; the only difference being that Mr. Sampson paid their fare from San Francisco, and that they have agreed to work for him for a term of three years. It is difficult to think of any objection that can be made to the coming of the Chinamen if they come in this manner. Having opened our doors to emigrants from all parts of the world, I do not see how we can refuse our hospitality to these industrious and thrifty strangers. So far as appears at this writing, they are likely to become skillful and competent workmen; they may not work so rapidly as the Frenchmen they supplant, but, working ten hours instead of seven or eight, they will probably accomplish as much in a day.

The experiment of Mr. Sampson proves successful, in a business point of view, there is no doubt that his example will be followed by multitudes. It will not be many years before we shall have thousands and tens of thousands of Chinamen in New England and the Middle States, and thus the question of our future is greatly complicated. Who can tell what effect this immigration may have upon labor, upon politics, upon morals? We have indulged in many jocose speculations concerning the predicted advent of the Chinaman. Now he is here, and what are we going to do with him? That is not a laughable conundrum at all in this village to-day; but a question every good citizen ponders with some grave apprehension.

One thing, I think, is pretty certain. The question will have a peaceful solution. Neither the Chinamen nor their employer will suffer violence. The Crispins have had time to think the matter over; and they have had the wisdom to conclude that any such attempt would damage them more than the Chinamen.

The effect of this immigration upon the interests of laboring people will, in my judgment, be less prejudicial than many of them at present fear. These Chinamen will not be satisfied very long with the small stipend they are ready to work for at the beginning. Dwelling among us, their wants will multiply, and they will need larger wages in order to live. And, if by the abundance of labor the products of labor shall be cheapened, the working people of this country may be no worse off after all.

It is likely, however, that this experiment will drive many of our working people into co-operation. Already the men whose places have been filled by Chinamen have bargained for a factory in North Adams, and propose to be their own employers henceforth. In that solution of the problem everybody rejoices. The foresight, the patience, the economy that workingmen will learn in this way will be of incalculable benefit to them. And, if the introduction of Coolie laborers shall result in delivering our American workmen from the thralldom of the wages system, and in setting them to work for themselves, the ultimate gain to them and to the nation will be beyond computation.

The moral aspects of the question, so far as they appear to us, are hopeful. These are mostly young men, free from all vices; very few, if any of them, use either tobacco or opium. They are bright, happy young fellows, respectful and orderly in their behavior, and eager to learn not only the art of shoemaking, but also the mysteries of English speech. In the former art only a few of them can receive instruction at a time; and, as I visited their quarters this afternoon, I found those who were off duty amusing themselves in a variety of ways. Some were mending their clothes; others were playing a game with counters upon a diagram resembling that used in the Yankee game of fox and geese; some were at work with the numerical frames employed by them in arithmetical computation; while a large number, lying in their couches or seated around the tables in their dining-room, with slates and primers in their hands, or grouped before two or three primary charts that hung upon the wall, were learning the letters of the English alphabet and their simplest combinations. When I showed some interest in what they were doing, they crowded around me, eager and thankful for the smallest help in their studies. Their desire to acquire our language amounts to a craving; and every person who visits their quarters is quickly impressed into the service of instruction.

Of this hunger for knowledge we mean to take immediate advantage. Mr. Pike, of the American Missionary Association, has visited us, and has promised us one of the most accomplished of the teachers among the Freedmen, under whose superintendence we hope to organize an evening school, in which these men shall be taught to read and speak the English language; and we expect to open a school on Sunday also, in which, when they have learned our language, they may receive Christian instruction. The missionary work thus brought to our doors we are thus preparing to undertake, in the faith that a great door and effectual is opened unto us, and in the hope that through this advent of China in New England, on which so many look with fear and foreboding, the time may be brought nearer when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

NORTH ADAMS, June 24th, 1870.

A BETHLEHEM OF TO-DAY.

THERE must be an inalienable birthright of benediction in the name. It is easy to believe that any town called by it would come thereby to be in some especial sense or way "The Gate of the House of the Lord," which is what the word meant in Galilee. It is certainly what the word means in New Hampshire. Living on this hill-side to-day, one's heart yearns with yearnings which cannot be uttered over all who sit in outer places of darkness in cities; to those who would but cannot come up hither our compassions go forth hourly, and it seems almost unpardonable cruelty to say one word of the feast from which they are shut out. But they who might, but do not; who ought, but will not—they who have fallen into the evil habit of going to Saratoga to be parched, or to Newport to be steamed, and have never been born again in the regeneration of mountains—they are the heathen to whom the gospel of this especial Bethlehem should be preached. They are the sheep who, having strayed into hot and fashionable wildernesses, do not hear, or, hearing, do not obey the voice which calls them to green pastures and still waters.

There may possibly be in the White Mountain region some other town worthy of as much praise as Bethlehem. But I have never found that town, and I know the region well. Lancaster has the loveliness of meadow interval; also its fogs and fevers. Jefferson has the grandeur of one near view of the White Mountain range, and fine views of the Franconias and the Green Mountains in the distance; but the foreground is indescribably barren and dreary, the roads are very bad, and the woods too wild and tangled for any but stoutest walkers. Bethel, and Shelburne, and many other towns on the Gorham side of the White Mountains are beautiful with the beauty of river-banks and have superb views of Mts. Washington and Madison and Jefferson; but some of them are so shut in, so hemmed round, that the heat is excessive, and the sense of being crowded is worse than the heat. Some of them are like Lancaster, foggy and feverish; and none of them command a view of any other range than the White Mountains.

But Bethlehem lies only sixteen miles from the foot of Mt. Washington, and only nine miles from the Franconia Notch. Thus in all the walks and drives are to be had varied views of both ranges. It is hard to say why one learns to love the Franconias so much better than the other. The difference between the two ranges is akin to that between the law and the Gospel. The Franconias are soft and green almost to the tops. They can never look hard. No glare of noon can make them anything but tender and gracious. They win on one's heart by smiles. Even in darkest shadow, in sudden storms, or in the cold blue of November, they look benign and protecting. But the White Mountains, in spite of their beauty and grandeur of outline and color, can look forbidding. Mt. Washington has days of pitilessness and of pale, stern rigidity, which seem almost humanly inhuman. It is as impossible to admit him into one's heart of hearts as it is to keep La Fayette out. Perhaps another reason for loving the Franconias better is that they are not to be had without price of a walk or a drive. They are not forever in sight like Mt. Washington, from the windows, from the street, looking you in the eye if you but go to the post-office. From one or two windows in town, from one doorstep, the soft top of La Fayette can be seen. I am sitting at one of those windows now, and the clear purple summit, five thousand feet up in cloudless air, seems to submit to my mention with kingly and pitying condescension. But, if I wish more of it, I must arise and go, as one should go into all royal presences, with deliberation and purpose. A half-hour's walk will take me there. On several roads a half-hour's drive will show me all that it is permitted to dwellers on the north side of the kingdom to see. This, I think, is one secret of the greater charm of the Franconias; in this, also, is kin between mountains and men. Who holds our thoughts most tenderly, him we see, or him we have lost, and, if we may, seek?

But when we have counted into Bethlehem the sweet half-hidden graciousness of the Franconias, and the grand shapes and beautiful colors of the White Mountains, we have only begun on the reckoning of all she has to bestow in way of mountains. To the east and northeast lie Cherry Mountain, the Jefferson range, the Starr King and the Pilots, the Stafford Peaks, two glistening peaks of white marble, and many others, whose names I do not know. In the north and northwest are the Green Mountains, making a battlemented horizon-line, which seems to multiply itself indefinitely at sunset, as summit after summit is brought up and out by the strong golden light behind. This wide outlook is, perhaps, the one distinctive charm of Bethlehem. The town lies on the side of a hill, itself high enough to command a fine range of view; and from some points on this hill the amphitheater spread out to east, north, and west, walled on three sides by distant mountains, is a picture which can never be forgotten.

But of places, as of people, the subtlest charm can never be told, let the catalogue of their qualities be ever so faithful and minute. There is personal magnetism in a hill or a valley, individual atmosphere in a grove or a meadow, which no words can render. It would be easy to make a long list of the special beauties of this blessed spot; to say that the woods are full of mosses, soft and luxuriant, and more than ankle high; that to the mosses are added tangled mats of the Linnia, making great spaces of air almost too sweet to breathe, and growing so abundantly that one has no scruples about carrying it home by armfuls; that even the roadsides are set thick with ferns, while whole fields are made into low, tufted forests by them, like a sort of miniature tropic among the granite bowlders; that, as far as the eye can reach, nothing bare, barren, and unsightly is to be seen, but everywhere wooded slopes and fields of grass or grain; that the village itself (which is hardly a village, only a straggling street of some fifty houses) settles and rests so unobtrusively in the central foreground of the great amphitheater that we forgive it for being, after the manner of New England villages, too white and too sharp-roofed and too unadorned, and come after a little to accept its interruption and love it as a *protegé* of Mount Washington and under the immediate care of Mount Cherry; that the Bethlehem people are, unlike the average New Hampshire mountaineers, gracious of behavior and kindly of speech, and have the hospitable habit of making everybody comfortable who comes to dwell with them. It is easy to say all these things, and it would be easy to say more, for more is true; but, after all, there would still remain something untold which the word Bethlehem suggests to every one of its true lovers, who, having once found it out, return and return, and in their secret hearts mean to return as long as summers (and they) last.

One often hears New Yorkers say: "Oh, we would go to the White Mountains if they were not so far off. It is too long a journey." It seems silly to grudge one day to it, and that is all it takes practically; for one need not count the night, which would be a blank in any case, and might better be spent in a stateroom on board the New Haven boat, in the fresh cool air of the Sound, than in the hot stifle of a city bedroom. By taking the New Haven boat, which leaves Peck Slip at 11 P. M. every night, one reaches New Haven in season to take the 5 A. M. train for Springfield, breakfast (who does not know how well?) at the Massasoit House at seven, take the eight o'clock train up the Connecticut River Road, lunch at White River Junction, and be ready, cool and comfortable for supper at seven o'clock in Bethlehem. Every hour of the journey is a pleasure. There is not an uninteresting mile on the road. Rivers on the right hand or the left all the way: first the Connecticut, then the Passumpsic, then the Ammonoosuc, all coming down like swift, stately couriers from the royal kingdoms of hills, flashing in silver armor, setting seal of league and good faith with summer in all the meadows, and pressing on with their weightiest most secret message to the seas. New England is lovely only along her river-courses; she needs their help to keep her landscapes green and gracious, just as the stern uprightness and alarming well-educatedness of her men and women need (and do not always have) especial graces of behavior to make them pleasant to see.

To this counsel as to the best way of reaching Bethlehem ought to be added perhaps, some suggestions as to what should be done after getting there. It is soon told, however; for all the houses in which boarders are taken are comfortable and pleasantly situated. The hotel will accommodate, perhaps, two hundred persons, and is to be well kept this summer. Of the private houses the three best situated are Mr. Myron Bailey's, Mr. James Turner's, and Mr. Joseph K. Barrett's. The latter is, on the whole, the most desirable of the three; being large, admirably kept, and within five minutes' walk of Strawberry Hill, which is fitter for the entertainment of kings than was ever any other Strawberry Hill, even though Walpole threw open the doors.

Lying at length on the east slope of it, this afternoon, I see Mts. Washington, Madison, and Jefferson looming up in the pale blue haze to twice their usual hight. These days, which give to New York sunstrokes and mad dogs, give to Bethlehem merely a tender grayish blue haze, which multiplies and lifts all the mountains, and makes them incomparably more beautiful. Some of the distant Green Mountains are blotted out by the murky cloud; but more are left than I can count or name. I lie so low that buttercups and daisies wave their branches before my eyes like trees. The sharp points of the grass look like bayonet-tips of an army marching by. A squirrel has been warning me off for the last half hour, sitting in the stone wall close to my head, and clicking his fierce, tiny, harmless teeth like castanets. He will be more used to me before the month is out. I knew Strawberry Hill before he was born, saucy little striped baby that he is. Three little girls, with tin pails and white mugs, are picking strawberries further down on the hill. They also know less of Strawberry Hill than I do; for they were in cradles when I first sat among these ferns.

Here comes the stage from Littleton. I cannot see it; but I hear its huge chuckle, like some mountain Caliban grown good-natured, and bringing his overload of tired people. "This will prove a brave kingdom" to them. They will have their "music for nothing," and can learn Song of Ariel—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily;
Merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

P. S.—I ought not to omit from the list of Bethlehem's good things the fact that the air seems to be an immediate cure for "Rose Cold," "Hay Fever," and all that class of tormenting diseases which are so underrated by all people who have never found out in their own persons what it is to endure them.

There are people here to-day who are for the first time for years able to enjoy clover and buttercups and daisies—in short, *June!* There is no explanation of the freaks of these disorders. But it is enough to be grateful for the discovery of one place (not a barren seaside rock) which they dare not invade. H. H.

GROWING OLD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

PAINFULLY men yield up youth,
With its wealth, a spendthrift store;
Have we lost so much, in sooth?
Youth was something; life is more.

Little youth's quick glances saw;
Eager and unsatisfied,
Noting beauty for its flaw,
Earth irreverently was eyed.

Earth, whose thinnest film of moss
Is a wonder-garden now,
Those light years were years of loss,
Slipping past we know not how.

Living now is worth the while;
Time leaves treasures as he goes,
Old Earth wears a sunset smile—
Flush of Heaven's half-opened rose.

Eden-love that childhood knew
Fresh through life is whispered yet;
Pearl-drops of immortal dew
On the sheaves of age are set.

Souls are younger than the skies;
From the leal heart fades no truth.
We grow old? 'Tis Death that dies:
Our eternity is youth.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

BY MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE Roman Catholic Church still holds that matches are made in Heaven, and so reckons matrimony among its sacraments. Rev. Henry James, social iconoclast that he is, believes marriage is to such degree "holy" that, even if one of the parties violates its most sacred obligations, its holiness must still endure, despite law or reason. But I suppose neither the Roman Catholic Church nor Rev. Henry James could really persuade the enlightened common sense of the community to repose a profound faith in the sacramental grace of such marriages as that which existed between Mr. McFarland and his former wife.

It becomes in these days a question of vital interest to ascertain to how many married couples it would be safe to apply the mandate, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." When one farm marries another farm, and John weds Jane because their acres touch, has God anything to do with such joining? Or, when Phyllis is tired of country curds and cheese, and longs for the cakes and ale of city life, and takes them at the hands, or rather with the hand, of Cœsus, stat 75, is that marriage sacramental? When a middle-aged man wants a housekeeper, or a young woman a home, do they enter, led by such motives, into "*holy* matrimony"? Or, let us speak of something which, we will hope for the sake of human nature, is more common than mere bargain and sale in America. When a young girl who "lightly turns to thoughts of love" in her spring-time—those reckless, longing days when "a man's a man for a' that"—and the young sweetness of first kisses is honey on her lips, marries, not a mind, not a soul, not an individual even, but a type—the man who represents manhood to her womanhood, to whom she turns in love with love rather than with any lover—has God, indeed, joined even these two?

It is a question which it might be hazardous to answer, because the response should be individual, and not universal. Often, let us hope, these shining dream-palaces prove not to have been built upon the sand. Their foundation has chanced to rest on some hidden rock of steadfastness, or principle, or similarity; and, when the storms of life come and beat upon them, they endure the blasts, and the steady household fire glows cheerfully through their windows—a pleasant beacon-light to those who would enter the matrimonial harbor.

There are men, and especially there are women, with whom habit is almost omnipotent—souls not adventurous, who like to find their ways hedged in, their future settled. To them, whether they loved much or little in the beginning, the very fact of matrimony makes dear the partner in its customs and its obligations. Community of interest is more significant than community of soul. For precisely this class of minds matrimony, grranted a reasonable degree of worldly prosperity, is almost sure to be a happy and safe experiment.

There are others who have been so thoroughly disillusionized that they have too little faith in life, rather than too much. Marriage is dull and savorless for them, doubtless; but they are thankful that it is no worse—that it is not a warfare. They would not be free to try the experiment over again, if they could—preferring to bear the ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of. But I think these marriages, at whose board dull resignation presides, must, after all, come under the head of Lucifer Matches.

It is a startling question, and one asks it with fear and trembling: How many of the married couples in the world, if they could by some enactment or by some miracle be made free, absolutely without harm and without disgrace, would prefer to remain as they are? Those who have children would cleave to each other for their sake, do you say? Doubtless, for human nature is not altogether selfish, and the passion of maternity is not less potent than the passion of love; but, to make the question fair, children must be put out of it altogether. Suppose some new census-taker to go from house to house in search of the people who really prefer, to all the world, each his or her own legal companion; would he record as many names, think you, as appear on our voting-lists even now that the sisters are barbarously excluded?

Doubtless Charlotte Brontë made "Jane Eyre" express the true ideal of matrimony when she said of herself and Rochester: "To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company." "What do you think a happy marriage implies?" I once asked the happiest wife I know; and her answer touched the same key-note. "Why," she said, "it implies that the one you have married is more really interesting to you than anyone else in the world; that when you shut your chamber-door upon him and yourself, you shut in happiness and shut out *ennui*—you are then in the best society." Is the number legion who by closing the door of the nuptial chamber can thus shut themselves in with the choicest company in the world? "Examples come to the front"—those who, fortune, society, and all other influences propitious to change, would yet choose to remain as they are.

Do not imagine that I think such examples would be altogether wanting. I only believe that they would be less numerous than it is the fashion to suppose. There would be quite a respectable cloud of witnesses for matrimony, besides the melancholy ranks of whom I have already spoken, whose content with fate grows out of want of faith, and who cling to what they have because they believe drearily that what they have not might be worse.

Chief among the smiling bands of the satisfied I think we should find those men or women who are married for the second time. Why this is the case it would be hard to explain. Whether the pain of loss (for to lose by death even the partner of a not altogether satisfactory marriage usually brings with it not only a shock, but a keen if not inconsolable grief) whether this pain has taught them grateful content in possession, or whether, having studied in the school of dear experience, they have learned to choose a second time more wisely than before, I know not. The fact is patent to all the world that the man or the woman who has recently married for the second time is usually in a state of great expansion.

After these, perhaps the largest number of our recruits would come from people of a placid and unideal organization. A wonderful capacity for self-torment inheres in a vivid imagination. If one's eyes never "make pictures when they are shut," one is very likely to be contented with things as they are. The prosaic temperament is not exacting. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; and the person with whom we are in the habit of eating and drinking suits us better than the stranger who does not know whether we like our toast buttered or not.

There is a curious connection between self-love and some happy marriages. This man loves himself so well that his self-love is a mantle enfolding everything that belongs to him. His wife, being his wife, is the pearl of womanhood. If he had chanced to marry Nancy, instead of Amelia, it would have been all the same. Transplanted under his roof, she is his; therefore she is good. Change her, not he—though the Ethiopian should change his skin or the leopard his spots. This state of mind has its advantages. The man who in his own estimation is "it, principally," has the fairest chance in the world for contentment; and there is little present pleasure in the fine discontent which yet lies at the bottom of all true progress in life.

By far the best division of our examples—those whose satisfaction has foundation, and whose hope is an anchor—are the people who have married somewhat late in life. It is very much the fashion, and has been since Franklin's time (before, perhaps, if I could remember), to praise early marriages. Such safeguards against temptation—such nurseries of all the virtues, as well as of many and flourishing olive branches; and, doubtless, for the people who are thoroughly matter-of-fact, who could never be in bondage to an ideal, they *are* good, as "early to bed and early to rise" is good. But how many people who are capable of much development have any idea at eighteen or twenty what they are to become? What we are we know, but know not what we may be; and one of the most frequent explanations of a Lucifer match is, "Oh, they married young, and he has grown away from her"; or, "I suppose she fancied herself in love when she married, but she knew so little then of her own wants or of life." I think it would be safe to say that in nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages in the world one, at least, of the high contracting parties was too young to know his or her own mind.

But, whatever the wherefores, the people are married—our Lucifer matches are made. They have wedded, for wealth or station, or change of pain, or because they were too young to know themselves or understand each other; and now all over the world they raise helpless hands and offer piteous prayers for deliverance. Shall they have it? Shall we put out our poor Lucifer matches, or let them burn on to the end, shedding such lurid light as they may on the dark problems of the time?

It is a question I am not yet prepared to answer, and I thank Heaven that I have not the casting vote. To look upon questions as they affect individuals merely is but short-sighted policy. Soon enough, whether we are glad or whether we are sad, we go over to the majority; for the generations of the dead are more than all the generations of the living, and the quick world, of which we are a part no longer, rolls on. It does not make the inconceivable difference which to our own egotism it appears to make whether or not we, as individuals, are happy; but it makes an awful difference whether the aggregate force of our influence as a community does or does not help on the growth of the race. How this is to be effected—whether by greater or less freedom of divorce, whether our Lucifer matches are to burn on or to be extinguished—is the next great question to which the best minds among us must make solemn answer.

THE CHINESE INVASION OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY PROF. BOGLESTON, OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

WHILE we have been considering what should be done with the Chinese in California—how they should be treated, or whether tolerated at all—a company of the Celestials have stepped into a car of our newly-built and greatly-boasted Pacific Railroad, and the first thing we know about it a picked colony of men, most of them fresh from the Flowery Land, is planted in the heart of New England, within the borders of Old Massachusetts. The town of Adams, in the midst of which this colony is set down, has suddenly become as famous as was ever John Adams, of Revolutionary memory, in honor of whom it bears its name. Newspaper reporters have flocked to it during the week past as a rich placer of items for their respective sheets, while the telegraph has flashed its messages far and wide in respect to this sudden invasion, and drawn all eyes in this direction.

Perhaps this Adams is destined also to be as closely identified with a revolution as was that memorable patriot of the olden time; for, if the experiment which has brought these Celestials here succeeds, it must materially affect the relations of capital and labor. It will have an important bearing upon some if not many of our organizations, leagues, trades-unions, and the like; and, touching the great question of labor at so many points as it will, there is no telling where the movement thus begun will stop.

Its first and most obvious effect will be felt by the organization of the Crispins, or boot and shoemakers, whose action has led to the bringing of these Celestials to Massachusetts. This guild is said to embrace sixty thousand members in this state alone, and in the whole country not fewer than three hundred thousand. Perhaps no class of laborers are more thoroughly banded together than these, nor have any organized themselves under self-imposed rules so tyrannous both to themselves and to the capitalists upon whose employment of them they depend. They have dictated to the latter the terms on which they might prosecute their business. They have decided the number and character and age of the men who might be employed. For some time, it has been impossible for the shoe manufacturers to carry on their business except according to the pleasure of these Crispins; and, rather than abandon their business, they have submitted until now to their dictation. As this introduction of the Chinese into Adams is for the purpose of supplying workmen in a shoe establishment which the Crispins had virtually stopped, it is a blow in the face dealt at that entire organization, and it may prove a blow that will be fatal. In this view it is a matter which is absorbing the attention at once of both manufacturers and those employed by them. It appeals most directly and forcibly to the interests of both. Already capitalists, in person or by letter, are inquiring into the working of the experiment set on foot at North Adams. Already the unions and leagues of workmen are holding their meetings and putting forth their resolutions. And already the small politicians, in Congress and out of it, are taking up the subject and bidding in hot speed for the votes of the dear laboring men. All this in one short week! Why, the Fenian raid into Canada was nothing to this raid of the Chinese into Massachusetts. The former was made with much preliminary noise and bluster; while the latter has been a very quiet movement. The former ended too in smoke; while the latter gives promise of something far different.

This Chinese invasion is, in a sense, also, a sort of just return for the Fenian invasion; for the main element in the Crispin organization is of Canadian origin. For several years past, the putting together of shoes in our factories, or "bottoming," as it is called, has been done by the Irish and Canadians—the latter of whom have come down from the Provinces in large numbers. And these—a low and ignorant class, for the most part—have been specially strenuous in establishing the Crispin organization, and enforcing its most severe and unjust rules. Their unreasoning course now recoils on their own heads with special but deserved severity.

The history of the advent of the Chinese into Massachusetts is, briefly, as follows: Mr. Calvin T. Sampson—a man whose name, as was the case with names in Old Testament ages, seems to be an appropriate index of character—has had at different times his share of the unreasoning and tyrannous conduct of the Crispins; and a year ago determined that he would not again submit to their dictation. In April last, at a time of general depression in business, he called the "bottomers" in his establishment together, and asked them if they would consent to a decrease of their wages to the amount of 10 per cent. At first seeming to admit the justness of his proposal, subsequently, when by themselves, they refused to accept any reduction. Mr. Sampson then endeavored to procure men from other parts of the state to take their places—seeking a more intelligent and reasonable class of men, but for the sake of peace endeavoring to find those who belonged to the Crispin organization. But no sooner did these men, Americans, make their appearance than the workmen previously employed (by various threats and intimidations, and by voting that there were already men enough of their order in Adams to do the work of shoemaking, and no room for more) compelled these men to return

The Independent.

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM J. TILLEY.

O, SUMMER wind, whose perfumed breath betrays
Your hoarded secrets to the listening leaves
Rare odors bringing back long-buried days,
Sweet glamours of most gracious morns and eves,
Tell me,
Are airs of heaven like thee?

O, summer sky, so clear, so blue, so far,
Across whose depths white cloud-sails come and go,
Is it to find where happy spirits are,
Tell me, I pray, in breathings soft and low,
Tell me,
Are skies of heaven like thee?

O, merry birds, whose warblings are so sweet,
Whose coming makes old earth seem ever new,
Whose happy loves the old, old tale repeat,
Shall love in heaven be changeless, pure, and true?
Tell me,
Are songs in heaven more sweet?

As one's surroundings oft familiar seem,
Who knows full well that all is strange and new;
Yet thinks he must have seen such in some dream,
One of those happy dreams at length come true."

A voice:

"So shall heaven seem to thee."

"Heaven's as the sun, and we as shadows cast.
We do but prophesy, like some sweet dream,
Heaven shall to eyes that weep no more, at last,
More wondrous far than all earth-visions seem.
Doubt not;
In truth it thus shall be."

"We are but as the twilight of the dawn,
Our short-lived glories cannot fill the soul.
When twilight fades, and the glad day is born,
'Tis Love shall crown and sanctify the whole—
Christ's love,
Than all else far more sweet."

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., 1870.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND RELIGION.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE doctrine of private judgment, as generally held, though not always consistently practiced, by Protestants, asserts the right and duty of each one to decide for himself in matters of religious faith, and then act upon his own decision, limited in the exercise of the right and the discharge of the duty by the rights and duties of others. It claims that the individual, when thus judging and acting, is responsible to God only, except when by abuse or perversion he commits a trespass upon the rights of others or the peace and good order of society. Within these limits he is the absolute sovereign of his own opinions, beliefs, and actions to an extent that precludes the right of any human authority to interfere with him by any method of legal restraint or constraint. So organize and conduct civil society that this doctrine is a vital fact in its bosom, and then each man enjoys his religious liberty to the highest possible degree. He is then permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without any encroachment on the part of others.

Of course, when one has voluntarily subscribed to specific articles of faith, as the condition of his membership in a given religious society, he is morally bound by the terms of the subscription so long as he does not revoke his own act. If he breaks the compact by dissenting, the faith professed, then he may be expelled from the fellowship of this society without any injustice. As a man of honor and a man of truth, he ought cheerfully to accept this consequence. No one ought to profess a faith which he does not hold, or claim the benefits of a membership conditioned upon a faith which he rejects. Dishonest subscription to religious standards, or their repudiation while professing to hold them, is always a fraud against man, if not a sin against God.

It does not follow from these views that opposite opinions are equally true, that there is no distinction between truth and error, that the one can take the place of the other, or that men are innocent in the sight of God when they believe and practice error simply because they are sincere. The right of private judgment is always relative not only to the individual himself, but also to others as opposed to their right to interfere with it; but this does not imply that there is no difference between moral opposites, and certainly does not cancel our responsibility to God for what we think as well as for what we do. Private judgment is not absolute irresponsibility to *all* authority. It does not overturn the government of God, or vacate his right of judicial review. One of its most fundamental propositions consists in asserting that God is the Lord of conscience; and, hence, when men peril their lives or safety on the basis of conscience, they always do so with an appeal to the Supreme Tribunal for the correctness of their judgment and the purity of their motives. Rejecting the authority of earth, they plead that of God, by the very terms of the plea confessing their direct responsibility to the King of Kings.

In this doctrine, thus defined and qualified, true and safe; or is it that pestilent heresy which the Romanists and some quasi-Romanists affirm it to be? The constitution of the human mind ought to settle this question at sight. Reason and conscience are not only always personal, but in their very nature *authoritative;* and that, too, whether they be right or wrong. What one's reason declares to be true, has to *him* the appearance of truth; and so what one's conscience declares to be a duty has in relation to his mind the moral force of a duty. Both faculties are supreme in their sphere. No one can gainsay his own reason, or discredit the authority of his own conscience, or use any reason or conscience but his own. No *outward* system of authority can become consciously binding, except through the *inner* authority of reason and conscience. The existence of the latter is the indispensable condition of the possibility of the former. Even the Word of God, considered as a revelation, binds man through the inherent supremacy of reason and conscience. The fact that these faculties are not infallible does not alter the case, since they are always our *best* light. To dethrone them because they are fallible is to dispossess a human being of the elementary principles of a rational and moral nature, and virtually unmake him. This can never be done, except in mere theory. Private judgment always remains as an existing and supreme fact in the soul, however much it may be speculatively disputed. It may not be expressed; but it is there, consciously felt to be the final law for that soul. Nothing can be more absurd than to tell a man to believe what he thinks to be false, or to do what contravenes the law of his own conscience. Nothing can be a greater outrage upon his nature than the attempt to *force* his faith or conscience by pains and penalties. We may enlighten him by argument; but we must at last leave him to judge for himself. This is the fixed law of his own being, as real in society as in solitude.

The *ethical* necessity of such judgment is involved in the doctrine of our direct and untransferable responsibility to God. It is one of the first principles of all religion that every one must give account of himself to God; and, if so, then he must judge for himself as to what he shall believe and what he shall do, on his responsibility to the God who made him. It would be a manifest violation of moral order to bind him by any human judgment other than his own. The being who has the responsibility of action, and must take the consequences, has the inalienable right to judge in respect to that action, and is bound to exercise it. He cannot transfer the responsibility, and hence he cannot transfer the right or the duty, any more than he can uncreate himself. The whole system of obligations to God would vanish into emptiness if we were to assume that one may authoritatively judge of the religious duties of another. We should then have an interpreter in one being and an actor in another, with no possible method of so connecting the functions of the two as to lay the basis for a just responsibility.

It is a fact, moreover, that *all* human judgments in their final analysis are nothing but *private* judgments. Their numerical aggregate does not alter their individual or personal character. They go back at last to so many individual minds, and there find their seat; and that, too, whether they be concurrent or divergent. If, then, we deny the authority of each taken by itself, and simply extend this principle of denial so as to comprehend the whole, the result is that we deny the authority of the whole. We must inevitably be brought to this result, or come at last to some private judgment, or some series of such judgments, whose authority we do not deny. The principle of denial needs only to be generalized to sweep the world clear and clean of any rule of faith or any law of duty. Somewhere we must find a moral judgment that is authoritative in respect to the man who has it, or explode the moral system of life; and when we have found even one such judgment we have discovered an exact type of the entire class, and may hence affirm of the whole what we have affirmed of the one. All human judgments hold precisely the same relations to the individual minds in which they exist; and, therefore, they must all be authoritative—each for each man—or none of them are so.

Let it be observed, also, that the race furnishes no single man, and no body of men, whose opinions in matters of religious faith and practice any one is bound to regard as *infallible*, and therefore absolutely binding upon him. Every one has the right to question any *human* authority; to judge of it for himself; and, if it appears to be wrong, then to reject it. He has the right to rejudge all the popes that ever lived, all the ecumenical councils that were ever convened, all the traditions and decrees of the Church from the earliest ages, and all the royal statutes that were ever enacted on the subject of religion. Not one of them, nor all of them put together, can justly claim to govern his faith against his own private judgment. The truth is, all these opinions or decrees are but the private judgments of uninspired and fallible men; and, although they are entitled to respect just in proportion to their reasons, still their entire authority consists in their reasons and these only, and of these every man has a perfect right to judge, accepting what seems to him to be true and rejecting what seems to be false. The pretense that the Pope is infallible, and may therefore bind the consciences of men with his opinions, is a sheer pretense, abundantly refuted by the contradictions of its own history; equally so the pretense that the Church is infallible in her councils that have been convened from time to time; and equally so the theory of apostolical succession, which has never been demonstrated as a fact of history, and which, if it were historically provable, would guarantee no infallibility and imply no authority higher than human. The religious edicts of kings and princes, investing certain dogmas with the attributes of civil law, prove nothing as to their truth or falseness. God has not established in this world any organism of men, under any form of polity, authoritatively to decide for the individual mind what it shall believe. In this sense he has no vicegerents on the broad face of the whole earth. His written and revealed Word is here; but the interpretation of this Word is the common right and common duty of every man to whom it comes. Upon his responsibility to his Maker, and not to his fellow-man, each one has the right to judge for himself whether the Bible be the Word of God; and, if so, then to judge of its meaning.

"What will become of the unity of the faith," shouts Pius IX, or some other Pope or quasi-Pope, "if the world be permitted to act upon this lawless and unregulated doctrine of private judgment? How shall the faith be kept uniform, preserved from corruption, and guarded against the aberrations of individual minds, unless it be placed in some fixed system of ecclesiastical leading-strings?" Alas! indeed, for these grave inconveniences resulting from private jugment! The answer of the Protestant, if he has a clear head and a true heart, consists in saying that the world can get along very much better notwithstanding these inconveniences, whatever they may be, than it can with those of the opposite system. History proves that the denial of the right of private judgment has its grave inconveniences—vastly graver and more serious than any which can result from the exercise of the right. The unity which is secured by a false assumption, to begin with; which has never historically preserved itself even upon this assumption; which is simply a stupefaction of thought and individual activity; and which, moreover, commits a direct trespass upon an elementary right of every human soul, had better be dispensed with, even if perfect religious liberty and free inquiry do involve some discrepancies of opinion, divergences and even contradictions of doctrine.

Moreover, these very evils, so called, while they argue some degree of imperfection in the human faculties, also argue a high degree of *activity* in these faculties, that is really healthful and beneficial to true religion and to the general interests of mankind. The progress of the race depends on its intellectual activity. The errors which may spring up as the incidents of this activity have their remedy, and their best remedy, in those discussions and free inquiries that are suited to place truth on the solid foundations of its own evidence, and not in suppressing these inquiries or outlawing them by any system of human authority. The latter remedy is always worse than the disease, and entails more evils than it removes. Religion, on the assumption of its truth, will not, on the whole, be the loser from the fullest exercise of private judgment. Such a judgment is a terrible thing for false religions, since it puts them on trial before a vast many minds, and leaves them to rest on nothing but their own merits—just where everything should rest. The Bible, conscious of its own truth, challenges the unrestrained investigation of every man, and does not skulk behind a Pope or an ecclesiastical council, or ask either to swear for it. Jesus, in the days of his flesh, preached on this principle; and so did his apostles. Both reasoned with men, and assumed their right to reason. It is a great mistake to suppose Christianity to be the religion of stupidity and ignorance. The very supposition is the confession of a weakness which does not belong to it. It has fought too many battles and gained too many splendid victories—and that, too, single-handed, without any state patronage or royal favor, and on the simple principle of addressing itself to the private judgment of individual men—to need in this age, or in any other, the ecclesiastical nursing of a Pope or the legal defenses and manipulations of civil government. Concede to its friends and its enemies free discussion—the freer the better—and the fixed laws of rational conviction, as God has lodged them in human souls, will take care of the result. Whatever cannot abide this test, whether it be a religion or a philosophy, the world can well afford to spare. A system of opinions that free discussion will harm, and that can be sustained only by false assumptions of authority, is not worth defending.

These principles settle our position in respect to the question of state religion, and all the collateral questions connected with it. Every such religion, in some way and to some extent, bears the impress of the *civil* authority; and, so far as this is the fact, it is clothed with such authority in reference to the individual—authority either to regulate his faith and worship, or to tax him for its support irrespectively of his consent. It holds to him the relation of a civil statute to the full extent to which it is a state religion, and just to this extent it may interfere with his right of private judgment. If he be a disciple of the religion, himself sincerely believing it, then he does not feel the burden; but, if he be not such, then its civil attributes bring it into conflict with his rights of conscience. They arm it with the power of legal coercion in some form; and to this we object in every form in which it is possible either to possess or to apply the power. It may be tolerant, because the age is so, though in a different age it would be intolerant; yet it is the same false principle in both. We believe in legal coercion within its proper limits; but we do not believe that religion lies within these limits. We would as soon regulate a man's worship by law as tax him by law to support a faith which he does not believe. There is no difference in principle between the two things. If you can justly do the one, you can do the other. If you can clothe religion with civil authority to any extent, then you can do so to *every* extent. If you can do this with one system, then you can do it with *every* system of religion. The fatal error consists in doing it at all; not likely to be perceived by those with whose private judgment the religion is accordant, but always standing out in glaring colors in the apprehension of those with whose judgment it is not thus accordant. It strikes the latter because they feel it; and would in like manner strike the former, if their circumstances were changed. Many a man has shouted for the state religion that pleased him, who would have cried out against the principle most lustily if his conscience had happened to stand at the other pole. Pleading the rights of private judgment, we go against the principle, whether we believe the religion or not. Its relation to one's faith does not alter the case at all.

It has been said that there is a pope lurking in every one's bosom. There is no objection to this, provided every one will be a pope simply for himself; but when one undertakes to be a pope for another, especially when he invests this popery with the compulsory power of civil law, then the mistake is radical. It is a death-blow to the rights of the individual conscience; and this is always wrong in principle, and worse in practice.

"VIVE LA REINE."

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

WITH the Robin for poet-laureate,
And the May-flowers for her train,
And her innocence for her robe of state,
The baby began her reign.

The pretty head with its curly crown
Knows nothing of royal woes;
For love is safer than elder-down,
And ycklath her sweet repose.

There are loyal and loving hearts alone
In the wee one's fair domain;
And they make the Robin's song their own,
For he singeth, "Vive la Reine!"

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN AMSTERDAM.

BY REV. CHARLES C. KIMBALL.

I WAS riding on an August afternoon, in the year 1867, on the railway from the Hague to Amsterdam. A bright sky was overhead. On either side were the greenest of fields, intersected not by fences or hedges, but by canals and punctuated with windmills.

Holland is a country of contradictions and surprises. Shock follows shock as one moves, in the slow Holland fashion, from place to place, until the soul and body of the traveler become magnetized, polarized, and altogether wrought into a state of grave amusement which none but those who travel in Holland know.

I was thinking of the curious things I had seen at the Hague—the world famous painting, "Paul Potter's Bull"; the bullet-pierced garments of William of Orange; and of all the strange, slow history of famine and floods, martyrdoms and sieges, which Motley has told so minutely; and wondering what catastrophe would follow if the train should chance to move faster than twelve miles an hour. Would the fishes in the overhanging sea leap down upon the engine? Would the quivering, pile-pierced earth open and swallow us? Would the train run through a dyke into the sea? or would it pass by the limits of Holland altogether, without being able to stop at all? For Holland, be it known, has a smaller area than our State of Delaware.

While these thoughts were floating through my mind, I discovered that the train had entirely ceased to move. We had arrived at Amsterdam. Above the heads of a crowd I saw a stiff, square banner, bearing in large letters this inscription: EVANGELISCHE ALLIANCE.

Proceeding toward this attractive standard, I was taken by a lively young merchant of this Northern Venice, put in a carriage and whirled rapidly away, beside canals and underneath rows of pile-supported, much-inclining houses, which would fall into the street anywhere else but in Holland. We crossed more bridges than I can remember (Amsterdam has four hundred and eighty); and so I was carried into the depths of Amsterdam hospitality.

The first session of the Alliance was in the magnificent and spacious building called the "Nieuwe Kerk," because built so recently as 1408. I entered this great structure too late to find a seat in the inclosure which is devoted to preaching. So I wandered around in the vast, unoccupied regions. The first thing on the programme was a sermon from the great pulpit orator of Holland—Van Oosterzee. The throng was immense. I was unable to see the speaker, except through a glass. His powerful voice roared in the distance and echoed in the great arches of the church. He spoke in Dutch, I believe. I understood him at the immense distance quite as well as if I had been on the pulpit-stairs. He was in a tub-shaped pulpit attached to a pillar. Over his head was a mountainous sounding-board, of the most extraordinary proportions and construction.

The regular sessions of this Œcumenical Council were held in a spacious but plain sort of building in the park of the city, called the "Park Zaal." It was pleasantly situated in a garden-like place, adorned with tables and chairs; for the Hollanders delight to gather in families under the sky and the green leaves, listen to music, and drink a cup of tea. Occasionally you see one smoking. There were pleasant, shady walks and a fine fountain.

Inside the hall were seen appropriate inscriptions in beautiful lettering around the walls near the ceiling and elsewhere: "EVANGELIUM CHRISTI LUX MUNDI." "UNUM CORPUS IN CHRISTO." "Μία πομπη, εις πομπην." "REGNUM CŒLORUM SIMILE FERMENTO." "REGNUM DEI GRANUM SINAPIS." And in gorgeous letters this motto, which ought to be inscribed on all men's hearts: "IN NECESSARIIS UNITAS, IN DUBIIS LIBERTAS, IN OMNIBUS CARITAS."

Around the hall also appeared the names of representative great men under the national devices of their respective countries: *Jean Calvin, Martin Luther, Thomas Cranmer, Zwinglius, Hieronomo Savonarola, George Washington, Marnix St. Aldegonde, Gustave Adolf*, etc.

The president of this meeting of the Alliance was a Dutch nobleman, whose title will have a familiar look to those who read Dutch history—Baron *Van Wassanaer Van Catwijck*.

The body of men who convened at this time was remarkable. Many would count a voyage across the Atlantic a small price just to look at the distinguished men who honored this gathering, as the meeting in turn honored them. There were Tholuck, both the Krummachers, Lange, of commentary fame, Herzog, Pressense, St. Hilaire, Astie, McCosh, Schmettan, Battersby, Robertson, Guthrie. Several men of note from the United States were there: Rev. S. I. Prime; Dr. Schenck, of Brooklyn; Dr. Eldridge, then of the American chapel in Paris; J. Wendell Prime; Rev. Dr. R. W. Patterson, of Chicago; and others. Several missionary brethren from the East were present: Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople; Bliss and Green, of the Turkey missions. Dr. Prime read portions of the report of the United States, which was written by Prof. H. B. Smith, who was not there.

The discussions were conducted in four languages—French, German, Dutch, and English.

The members of the Alliance dined in common in a large hall in the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, near by. When a session closed, this body of distinguished men would stroll irregularly but rather rapidly into the garden of feasting. They entered by an avenue lined with trees; passing between two rows of gay-colored parrots and talking birds, all vociferating loudly, but I suppose in the Dutch tongue, as I could not understand a word they said; turning corners where buffaloes, and camels, and zebras, and ostriches, and all manner of animals and birds were quartered, they soon came to the dining hall. Baron Van Wassanaer Van Catwijck presided over the numerous tables. A blessing was invoked in two of the four languages; and at the close of the meal, after many after-dinner speeches, two thanksgivings were returned in the other two languages.

Then for an hour or two all gave themselves up to the enjoyments of the garden; which contained, besides trees and flowers, all the beasts of the world, and all the birds, fishes, and nondescript animals, beautiful and ugly. Those who strolled, conversing pleasantly together, about these curious haunts will not soon forget the deep, guttural tones of Krummacher, now hushed in death. They rivaled the voice of the bear or the lion for their striking depth, as he conversed with his friends.

There is no room in this article nor occasion to speak of the subjects discussed in the two weeks' meeting of the Alliance. It is enough to say that a heavenly influence pervaded the body; that those who were there counted the enjoyments of that convocation among the choicest of their lives. The gardens of Amsterdam will always be associated in their minds with the Garden of Eden and the future Paradise toward which we look with expectant eyes. There were excursions to Haarlem, and to Broek, and Saardam, and divers entertainments besides. And to strangers all Holland is curious, in the extreme sense of the word; but nothing now remains in the mind which diminishes the glory of the memory of that great, magnificent Christian gathering.

The Lord's people in this country should give themselves to earnest prayer that the approaching meeting in New York may be like the dawning of the day of final Christian conquest.

ERIE, PA.

"UNDER THE CLOUD."

I COR. X., 1.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

UNDER the cloud!—but so was He
Who suffered and died on Calvary:
Oh, the weight of the cross He bore,
And the scourge His sacred flesh that tore,
And the cruel crown of thorns He wore!

Under the cloud;—but so were they,
Heroes and martyrs passed away:
Oh, the tortures of rack and flame,
Hunger, weariness, scorn, and shame!
Oh, the terrors without a name!

Under the cloud;—but so are *all*
Daring to stand where others fall!
Choosing rather to brave disgrace
Than clasp the Wrong in a foul embrace—
Keeping Honor, though losing Place!

Under the cloud;—oh, Christ of God!
Martyrs who close in His steps have trod!
Still on the Good the Evil preys;
Still, for us, in these latter days
The cruel thorns and the lighted blaze!

Under the cloud;—but let us trust!
Wrong is mighty, but God is just.
Oh, Most Merciful! hear our prayer—
Strengthen us what we must to bear,
And the cruelise kindly spare!

Music.

THE air is full of the dust and flying fragments of rumor and wrath which rose up when the Great Beethoven Centennial Jubilee fell to pieces. Artists and agents are clamorous for pay, and there are threats of lawsuits and all manner of other inharmonious proceedings. The Boston critics have, of course, been severe in their comments; but upon the whole, not unjust, and there was comparatively little of the savage hilarity in their narrative of the New York disaster which we might have expected from those who remember the critiques the New York writers last year. In fact, it was evident even to strangers that this was an affair with which New York had refused to have anything to do. The severity with which our citizens felt it alone was remarkable. Meanwhile, we are glad to know that the centenary of Beethoven will be duly celebrated here in the winter—not with anvils and cannon, but with Beethoven's music. The Philharmonic Society is said to contemplate giving some special performances (it will be a shame if it does not); and the Beethoven Männerchor, a prosperous but hitherto not very prominent society, purposes producing "Fidelio," "The Mount of Olives," and the Ninth Symphony, all at the Academy of Music. A richer and more appropriate banquet for such a festival could hardly be devised. But what a grand idea it would be to devote a week to the celebration and produce all the nine symphonies!

....No music is to be heard now except in the parks and at the summer gardens, where Bacchus and Apollo divide the nights between them. As usual, Theodore Thomas retains the lead in entertainments of this nature, and his band plays every night at the Central Park Garden to very large audiences, busy with their beer or their ice-cream. Sensible man, he kept out of the Jubilee! The new experiment of distributing the free out-of-door concerts among all the parks in the city, instead of confining them to the Central Park, proves a great boon to the people of New York. In Brooklyn, the Prospect Park concerts are cordially appreciated.

....Madame Parepa and Mr. Carl Rosa sailed for Europe last week. This would be an occasion for public mourning were it not their purpose to come back next winter. In the meantime, they are going to enjoy the rest which they must so sorely need after their remarkable campaign with English opera. It is not certain to what style of performance they will devote themselves when they return.

....The Berge Choral Union closed its season by a concert at Association Hall, on Tuesday of last week; and it is quite time that all in-door concert seasons closed.

Scientific.

THE late researches of Sir William Thomson on the size and distance from each other of the ultimate molecules of matter suggests a test of the possible truth of Darwin's theory of "Pangenesis," elaborated in his work, "Animals and Plants under Domestication." That theory attempts to explain the law of heredity by which in the animal or vegetable kingdom parents, and even distant ancestors, impress their character on their descendants, though not by any fixed law, but so that a peculiarity may skip one or more generations and reappear in a later one. Mr. Darwin suggests that every portion of the animal or vegetable organism is constantly giving off little portions of itself, which he provisionally calls "gemmules," capable of growing under favorable circumstances into the form of the fiber or substance from which they were produced. These gemmules are almost infinitely small, beyond all microscopic power, and equally numerous. After impregnation, the immature seed or ovum contains countless numbers of these gemmules, mostly those produced in the immediate parents, but in a less number than those which were derived from earlier generations. Circumstances which we cannot understand may determine the development of one or another of these gemmules. Of course, this hypothesis (which Darwin assumes only as an hypothesis) has its difficult points: such as the assumption that the gemmules can be of such infinitely small size, or of such infinitely large number within so small a compass as the impregnated or impregnating particles; or that they can preserve their vitality unimpaired while passing through generation after generation, and a hundred or even thousands of years; or that they would be developed only as each should happen to touch the right spot in the embryonic system. Sir William Thomson's researches touch one of these objections, that of the possible number of gemmules in a germ. He calculates the number of molecules in a cubic centimeter (6-100 of a cubic inch), and the mean of his calculations is about ten septillion molecules in that space. Now, taking as a base the measurements of Kölliker, we find that the human spermatozoön has an average bulk of about 1-400,000,000 of a centimeter, which would allow space for about 250 quadrillion of molecules, which would seem to be all that are needed, even calculating that the bulk of the substance is water, and that the gemmules are so complicated in their structure as to contain, each of them, a number of molecules.

....Mr. Howden gives in a London journal the migrations of the cod. According to him, this fish spawns in the vicinity of the Lofoden Islands, at the northern extremity of Norway, within the Arctic Circle. Here 25,000 fishermen collect in February to catch them, and the number is inexhaustible. They leave the Lofoden Banks in April or May, and arrive at the Newfoundland Banks in June, hungry and lean, and in fierce pursuit of herrings and other small fish. Here they soon fatten up, and leave in October for their northern breeding-place. Iceland is about half way between the two extremes, and here they appear at an intermediate time. It is possible that the Pacific cod, which in the summer is caught about the Shoumagin Islands of Alaska, may have a similar northern breeding-place, probably north of Behring Straits, where they will yet one day be caught. It is estimated that 54,000,000 cod are annually caught in the North Atlantic, a number that would seem to threaten extinction, were it not that 9,000,000 eggs have been found in the roe of a single female.

....In the *Harper's Monthly* "Scientific Record" (an excellent department, lately added, and edited, we suspect, at the Smithsonian Institute) we find Schindler's method of reducing corpulency, which, like Banting's, mainly consists in a proper regulation of diet and exercise. Nitrogenous food is allowed—*i. e.*, lean meat; but no starchy food. Cooked fruits that have little starch or sugar are permitted, to modify the exciting character of an animal diet. The use of certain wines is permitted; beer is, however, entirely forbidden. Coffee and tea are allowed, with as little sugar as possible. Cheese, potatoes, rice, beans, peas, maize, maccaroni, tapioca, arrowroot, and soups are not allowed. The use of sulphate of soda is recommended, as moderating the transformation of nitrogenous materials and stimulating the oxidation of fat; and the use of mineral waters containing the sulphate of soda in solution is considered of the greatest importance. A decrease of from 25 to 60 pounds in a few weeks has followed the observance of these rules.

....The Victoria Cave, near Settle, England, is now being explored by an association of West Riding gentlemen. Digging near the entrance, where a layer of fragments 2 feet thick had fallen from the cliff, they found a layer of earth and remains of the age of the Roman occupation. Under this was a layer of fragments 6 or 7 feet thick, resting upon another layer of earth, which contains flints and a bone harpoon, but as yet no traces of metal. If the rate of deposition has been constant, the lower layer must be over 3,000 years older than the upper. Still, as the winter frosts may have been more severe, the disintegration of the cliff may have been more rapid.

....A very large proportion of Alpine plants—such as *Primulas, Gentianas, Saxifrages*, and *Drabas*—have evergreen rosettes of fleshy leaves. These are quite necessary in the short summers, that the plant may have stored up for use a supply of food already for conversion into flower and seed. On the other hand, there is a general absence of plants which contain a store of underground nourishment in the shape of bulbs. The Alps contain very few prickly plants, perhaps because they need no enemies against which they need protection. The flowers are generally of intense hues, so as speedily to attract insects.

....As a recent meeting of the French Academy, recorded in *Nature*, it was mentioned that manufactories of flint instruments existed in ancient times in Egypt at Seqqarah, Neg-Salmani, Harabat-el-Madfouneh, Bab-el-Molouk, Gebel-Gournah, Deir-el-Bahari, and Deir-el-Medineh, near Thebes, El-Kab, and Abon Manga. From these manufactories it is probable that the flint flakes, "scrapers," arrow-heads, lance-heads, and hammer-stones were carried even into Europe. There must have been a very extensive use of flint instruments in the cutting and polishing of Egyptian granite and in the working of the Arabian mines.

....The hair of the Hottentots and Bushmen does not grow regularly all over the head; but in separate spiral tufts, with bare spaces between them. The hair of these people has a peculiar shape, a cross section not being circular, but excentrically elliptical or flattish, like the hair of the beard, and to this is due its excessive curliness. The same is true of the Negrito race, or Papuans, who are spread over many of the islands of Polynesia.

....In a recent paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Flammarion argued that the time of revolution of a planet on its axis depended on its specific gravity. We do not know the time of revolution of the more distant planets; but M. Flammarion deduces a diurnal rotation of 10h. 40m. for Uranus and of 10h. 58m. for Neptune.

....An interesting discovery is announced by M. Duclaux that cold may have a vivifying influence. He found that silkworm eggs laid in the fall would not hatch till spring; but when they were subjected for 40 days to a freezing mixture they could be immediately hatched on being subjected to a gentle heat.

....The Hovas of Madagascar at the present day, like the natives of Sylhet, India, erect monoliths and stone tombs very similar to those found in Brittany and the islands of Guernsey and Jersey.

College Record.

VASSAR COLLEGE. The commencement exercises at Union College, Poughkeepsie, were concluded on Wednesday, the 22d inst., and were, as usual, largely attended. The baccalaureate address was delivered by President Raymond, in the large chapel, on Sunday. Monday evening the grand principal exhibition came off, and was densely thronged. The vocalization was regarded as the weak place in it, the piano-playing being excellent and giving great satisfaction. Under Prof. Ritter's control, it could hardly be otherwise than good. On Monday morning the classes in gymnastics, embracing the whole school, went through their marvelous evolutions and marches to music, in presence of as many as could crowd into the small gallery and adjacent seats. The ladies wear for this exercise a gray uniform, with short skirts and red sashes—a very neat and appropriate dress. Monday afternoon was given the "Class Day" programme, the exercises being usually held in the chapel. The "Prophecy" was one of the best we have ever heard, and kept the audience (and more particularly the special audience for which it was designed) in the highest humor. The presentation of the "Wooden Spade" and planting of the Class Tree (a rather feeble matter) took place on the front lawn, amidst a large assemblage. Both the Senior and Junior orations on the occasion were warmly appreciated. The music for these exercises was furnished by members of the Philharmonic Society of New York. The commencement programme on Wednesday was of the usual sort, and on a fair level with previous years. Thirty-three graduates took diplomas for the regular course; after which were the public dinner, and the hasty departure in all directions.

....University of the City of New York. Commencement June 23d. Graduates 8 B. A., 3 B. S., and 7 Special Course. Also 1 C. A., 1 Ph. D., 9 M. D., and 11 LL.B. Honorary Ph. D.: George W. Clarke, New York, and Rev. George W. Eyther, Franklin, N. J. LL. D.: W. A. Martin, D. D., president of the University of Pekin, China; Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., president of Robert College, Constantinople; Wm. Blackwood, D.D., Philadelphia; Hugh Lenox Bond, Esq., Baltimore, Md.; Richard L. Larrimore, Esq., New York. D. D.: Rev. Gilbert Morgan, South Carolina; Rev. Wm. Nell, New Brunswick, N. J.; Rev. Wm. H. Steele, Newark, N. J.

....Lincoln University, Pa. Commencement June 15th. Graduates 10 colored young men. Honorary D. D. on Rev. John B. Reeve, colored pastor in Philadelphia. A writer in the *Presbyterian* says of the graduates:

"The writer desires specially to commend the oratory. It is said that the black congregations of the South greatly prefer preachers of their own race. In good common sense, in fervor of feeling, in freedom from affectation in delivery, in round, distinct enunciation, these students are not excelled by those of any college or university of the land. Unless many of our white young men exert themselves, the palm will be taken from them in the future by the race which has now been declared to be 'equal before the law' with our own."

....Rutgers College, N. J. 100th commencement June 22d. Graduates 20 and 5 B. S. Honorary LL.D.: Hon. Henry Hogeboom, Hudson, N. Y.; Hon. Charles J. Folger, New York; Hon. James R. Ludlow, Philadelphia. D. D.: Rev. William H. Ten Eyck, Astoria, N. Y.; Rev. Giles H. Mandeville, Harlem, N. Y.; Rev. John B. Thompson, Saugerties, N. Y.; Rev. Jacob West, New York City; Rev. John McC. Holmes, Hudson, N. Y.; Rev. Samuel A. Clarke, Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. Robert B. Croes, New Jersey.

....Wake Forest College, North Carolina. Commencement June 8th. Alumni address by Rev. John Mitchell. Sermon by Rev. C. H. Joy. Lecture on China by Rev. R. H. Graves. Literary oration by Hon. John Kerr. Graduates 6. Honorary D. D. on Rev. C. H. Joy and Prof. Brookes.

....Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill. Commencement June 9th. Graduates 5. "Upon the stage was Rev. Hubbell Loomis, 95 years of age, who 36 years ago, in connection with John M. Peck, in a log cabin on the very spot where these exercises were held, founded Shurtleff College."

....William Jewell College, Mo. Commencement June 1st. Sermons by Rev. J. H. Luther, of the *Central Baptist*, and W. H. Burnham, of Peoria. Inaugural by Prof. Norman Fox. Students in attendance during the year, 180. Added to the endowment, $50,000.

....Dickinson College, Pa. Commencement June 2d. Graduates 16. Honorary D.D. on Rev. Charles H. Payne, of Philadelphia, and Wilson Lee Spotswood, of Williamsport. LL.D. on Bishop Janes.

....Ingham University, Le Roy, N. Y. Commencement June 15th. Graduates —. Honorary D. D. on Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College.

....Baldwin University, O. Commencement June 2d. Graduates —. Honorary LL.D. on Dr. Harris, missionary secretary of the M. E. Church.

....Newton Theological Seminary, Mass. Addresses by Prof. G. I. Chase, of Brown University, and Dr. Neale. Graduates 17.

....Blackburn University, Carlinville, Ill. Commencement June 9th. Graduates 1 scientific, 3 collegiate, 3 theological.

....Crozer Theological Seminary, Pa. Commencement June 15th. Graduates 9.

....Blackburn University, Ill. Commencement June 7th. Graduates 7.

....Hillsdale College, Mich. Commencement June 15th.

Pebbles.

A LADY in Fairfield County, Tenn., sends us the following story, which, she assures us, is the simple truth: At a meeting of Republicans, white and colored, for the purpose of forming a union league, it was discovered that they had no Bible on which to swear the members. The chairman inquired where one could be procured. A colored man said he had one, and offered to mount his mule and ride to his house, two miles away, for it. As they could not think of swearing in members without one, his offer was accepted, and proceedings were suspended till his return. There were thirty men to be sworn in, and as the officers officiating were very particular to see that each one laid his hands on the open Bible, the ceremony was quite a lengthy one. After the league had been formed, business transacted, and the meeting broken up, the chairman discovered to his horror that the supposed Bible was a copy of Shakespeare. It was too late to remedy the mistake. "*Mum* was the word." So he carefully handed back the "Bible" to its owner, not even venturing to inquire if he ever encountered any difficulty in finding his minister's text on his return from meeting.

....The Boston excursionists went to see some seals on exhibition in San Francisco; and one of the reporters tells of an instance of "shocking depravity on the part of one of the Bostonians," who had a San Francisco lady on his arm. She said to him: "Are not the seals huge creatures, Charles?" "Oh!" replied he, "you should see the great seal of Massachusetts!"

....In a little town out West a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question: "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that!"

...."Here, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister." "How shall I divide it politely, mamma?" "Give the larger part to the other person, my child." Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying: "Here, sis, you divide it yourself."

....A precocious boy in a public school out West, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered: "All over the United States."

....A correspondent writes us to prove that "the Bible everywhere connects secrecy with only what is wrong." But, to say nothing of the passage inculcating prayer in secret, what then?

....When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

Missionary News.

REV. C. H. WHEELER, of Harpoot, gives in *The Missionary Herald* for July an interesting article, illustrated with cuts of the chapels in the two towns, on the progress of missions in Eastern Turkey as exemplified in Hooeli, a village of 3,000 inhabitants, 10 miles south of Harpoot, and in Choonkoosh, a city of 6,000 inhabitants, 40 miles further south. Mr. Wheeler first visited these places 12 years ago, with Mr. Dunmore, when money purchased the privilege of sleeping in an old stable in Hooeli, and Turkish authority saved them in Choonkoosh from personal violence, though not from being thrust out into the rain and darkness by a mob of women. Now the Hooeli church has a chapel that will hold 700 worshipers, with 2 school-rooms attached, and it pays its pastor and supports its church and schools with no aid from the American Board. At Choonkoosh, when the Protestant church dedicated its stone edifice, ordained its pastor, and organized its church, one day last November, there were "probably not a dozen houses in that Armenian and Mohammedan city where we would not have been welcomed." A church of 16 members was organized, which will receive a little aid for a year in supporting its pastor. Mr. Wheeler says:

"Twelve years ago there was not one church *with a native pastor* in all this district, and those who professed love for the Gospel were doing nothing for its support. Now there are 5 such churches, 4 of them fully self-supporting, and all so nearly so that, of the $3,012 (gold) annual expense for support of pastors and schools, they pay $2,676, with our proportion constantly decreasing. Then, we had but 8 out-stations, now 10 times that number; of the total expense of occupying which the people are paying two-fifths. Then the 8 were occupied by uneducated men, in whose place we now have a force of 12 pastors, preachers, and other helpers, of whom 22 are graduates of the theological seminary, and about as many more have partially completed their course of study, while the remainder are far more intelligent than were the best in those days. And the good work is still going on. The more than 15,000 copies of the Scriptures, and some 32,000 copies of primers and other books, added to thousands of tracts, which have been sold to the people, are being followed by others in increasing numbers, and are doing a work in educating the masses which must be seen to be appreciated. The one great want now is the general presence of the Hol

though adhering to a sect and dying in it, there is no good reason for doubting his salvation. We protest against this popular understanding of the qualifications offered by many eminent theologians. . . . We hold that this prevailing Liberalism is wrong in principle, and has nothing except the name in common with true or Christian liberty. It does not originate in the love of true or real liberty, but in the spirit of disobedience —on the one hand in the love of power, and, on the other, in impatience of all restraint. In seeming to accept it, and to labor only to correct it, we, in fact, mislead the minds of many Catholics, and aggravate the very evil we would cure. Protestantism may, with advantage, jump astride a popular movement, for it has no life in itself; Catholicity cannot, for it lives its own life in God, and its business is to control, restrain, or repress popular movements, and bring them into harmony with the law of God. The experiment of our friends in France has thus far resulted only in strengthening the hands of the Reds.

Ministerial Register.

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

Baldwin, D. J., Cong., inst., at Kokomo, Ind.

Berry, J. R., D.D., Presb., inst., June 14th, at Montclair, N. J.

Ballard, Edward, Bapt., ord., June 16th, in Brooklyn, as missionary to the Teloogoos.

Cochrane, J. W., Presb., inst., at Mendham, N. J.

Curtiss, William W., Presb., ord., at Broad Albin, N. Y., for a church in Kansas.

Dickinson, Samuel F., Cong., of Chicago Seminary, ord., June 9th, at Elgin, Ill.

Dougherty, James G., Cong., of Andover Seminary, ord., June 3d, at Chillicothe, Mo., not O.

Fulton, Henry B., Presb., inst., June 9th, at West Newton, Pa.

Hodge, William H., Presb., inst., June 20th, in Columbia avenue, Philadelphia.

Hooker, E. C., Cong., inst., June 16th, at Stockbridge, Mass.

Kelly, J. C., Presb., of Indiana, inst., in Spruce Creek church, Pa.

Millard, Nelson, Presb., inst., in Second church, Peekskill, N. Y.

Park, C. W., Cong., ord., June 15th, as a missionary to India, at Amherst, Mass.

Parsons, Curtis B., Bapt., ord., June 14th, at Farmer Village, N. Y.

Phillips, Daniel, Cong., inst., June 14th, in North Chelmsford, Mass.

Porter, Isaac F., Unit., inst., June 8th, at Peterboro', N. H.

Strong, Addison K., D.D., Presb., inst., June 15th, in Second church, Harrisburg, Pa.

White, J. C., Cong., inst., May 17th, in Oakland, Ill.

Wheeler, Daniel, Freewill Bapt., of New Hampton Seminary, ord., at Farmansville, Mass.

CALLS.

Alden, E. M., Bapt., of East Smithfield, to Linesville, Pa.

Arnold, A. E., Cong., of Buda, Ill., to Plymouth, Ill.

Baker, Jacob, Univ., to South Weymouth, Mass.

Bushnell, W. B., Luth., of Shanesville, O., to Irving, Ill.

Chamberlain, W. R., Univ., to Council Bluffs, Ia.

Carter, W. A., Cong., of Holly, Mich., to Little Falls, Minn.

Dickinson, Samuel F., Cong., to Central City, Col.

Dinsmore, J. W., Presb., of Wisconsin, to Second church, Bloomington, Ill.

Dexter, George, Unit., of Bridgewater, Mass., to Walpole, N. H.

Emerson, R., Cong., to Indian Orchard church, Springfield, Mass.

Forsythe, James C., United Presb., of Salem, N. Y., to Reformed (Dutch) church, Farmersville, N. Y.

Fitz, E. S., Cong., to Shelburne, Mass.

Gilbert, J. B., Cong., of Mason City, Ia., to Colorado, Ia.

Greer, David H., Epis., of Covington, Ky., to Yonkers, N. Y.

Hampton, C. A., Cong., of Eldora, Ia., to Princeton, Minn.

Horine, M. E., Luth., of Dayton, O., to Zanesville, O.

Hazeltine, Mr., Cong., of Perry, N. Y., to Henrietta, N. Y.

Hennigh, H. K., Presb., of Newcastle, Ind., to Lima Grove, Ia.

Huntress, E. S., Cong., of Wareham, Mass., to Chelsea, Mich.

Hudson, A. S., Cong., of Burlington, Mass., to Lexington, Mass.

Jones, Warren G., Cong., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Bozrah, Ct.

Leavitt, J. G., Cong., of Bangor Seminary, to Patten, Me.

Mallory, N. C., Bapt., of Manchester, N. H., to First church, Lowell, Mass.

Monilaw, T. C., Christian, of Franklin O., to Yellow Springs, O.

Mills, H., Cong., of Independence, Ia., to Monticello, Ia.

Pages, S. B., Freewill Bapt., to New Lyme, O.

Paine, L. L., Cong., to Davenport church, New Haven, Ct.

Root, E. W., Cong., of Westerly, R. I., to Batavia, Ill.

Rhees, H. H., Bapt., of California, to Nashua, N. H.

Rogers, W., Freewill Bapt., of Nottingham, N. H., to Stratford, N. H.

Ruby, J. H., Bapt., to San Pablo, Cal.

Smith, E. P., Cong., to Waterford, Vt.

Schermerhorn, M. R., Unit., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Church of the Unity, Boston.

Safford, O. F., Univ., of Charlestown, Mass., to Third church, Chicago.

Sanford, E. C., Cong., to Vinton, Ia.

Stewart, A. M., Presb., district secretary of Domestic Missions, to Gilroy, Cal.

Smith, Mr., Bapt., of England, to Courtstreet church, Portsmouth, N. H.

Seagrave, James G., Cong., of Wentworth, N. H., to East Marshfield, Mass.

Stuchell, J. S., Presb., to Minersville, Pa.

Spaulding, W. C., Presb., to Second church, Newcastle, Me., not Norwall, Ct.

Telier, Henry W., Cong., of Hartford Seminary, to Exeter, Ct.

Traver, Harvey R., Bapt., to North Bennington, Vt.

Wrightmeyer, John S., Bapt., of Crozer Seminary, to Pequea, Pa.

Whitman, A., Bapt., to Dubuque, Ia.

RESIGNATIONS.

Atwater, Edward E., Cong., of Davenport church, New Canaan, Conn.

Abe, F. R., Cong., of First church, Abington, Mass.

Blodgett, J., Bapt., of Franklin, O.

Burgess, E. B., Presb., of Second church, Rock Island, Ill.

Dickerson, O. E., Cong., of Garden Prairie, Ia.

Granable, Joseph, Presb., of Avondale, O.

Haley, L. J., Bapt., of Louisa C. H., Va.

Hunt, N. S., Cong., of Bridgewater, Mass.

Haughwout, F. B., Bapt., of Fall River, Mass.

Hyde, C. M., Cong., at Brimfield, Mass.

Ijams, W. E., Presb., of Second church, Germantown, Pa.

Jaggers, Mr., Epis., of St. John's church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Jones, Henry W., Cong., of Hingham, Mass.

Liggett, J. D., Cong., of Leavenworth, Kan.

Monlton, T. C., Christian, of Franklin, O.

McCune, R. L., Presb., of Bethel, Pa.

Manwell, B. F., Cong., of Mattapoisett, Mass., Want of support.

Osgood, F. R., Cong., of Houston, Me.

Tuck, J. W., Cong., of Jewett City, Conn.

Tolman, S. H., Cong., of Wilmington, Mass.

Swallow, J. E., Cong., of Groton, Conn.

DEATHS.

Antley, Joseph S., Bapt., 57, of Morlon, Miss., Jan 27th.

Boyd, A. R., Presb., 36, of Leesburgh, Pa., June 18th, 1869.

Barbank, Aaron, Cong., 73, of Lancaster, Mass., May 8th.

Carnell, Simon P., Luth., missionary to West Africa, at Monrovia, May 4th.

Hoyt, Gilman A., Cong., of Hiawatha, Kansas, June 3d.

Kinnouse, John G., Presb., 70, of Spring Prairie, Wis., May 30th.

MacDill, David, D. D., United Presb., Monmouth, Ill., June 15th.

Nadal, Bernard H., D. D., Meth., 53, acting president of Drew Seminary, at Madison, N. J., June 20th.

Patrick, Joseph A., Cong., 78, of Westerly, Mass.

Slaughter, J. D., Southern Meth., 72, of Embury, Tenn., May 30th.

Stringfield, James C., Southern Meth., of Asheville, Tenn., June 22d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen, Edward B., Epis., has returned to the presbytery from which he withdrew to join the Episcopalians.

Buchman, Dr., Luth., of Charleston, S. C., 81 years old, sent a letter to the Southern General Synod urging a union of the Lutheran churches in the country.

Christian, S. J., Presb., of Lane Seminary, is going as a missionary recruit to Chili.

Koons, E. J., Luth., asked and obtained from Pennsylvania Synod leave to withdraw from the ministry.

Lindsley, P. B., D.D., Presb., of Nashville, Tenn., has joined the Cumberland Presbyterians.

Parker, Lipsh, D. D., Southern Meth., has been chosen editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*.

Paine, Mr., Cong., of Farmington, Conn., is invited to a professorship in Hartford Theological Seminary.

Sturges, Mr., Cong., missionary to Micronesian Islands, has arrived in California, on his way home, after an absence of 19 years.

Schermerhorn, M. T., Presb., of Attica, N.Y., was struck from the roll of the North River Presbytery for having joined the Unitarians.

Scudder, Joseph, D. D., Presb., has been constrained by protracted ill-health to resign his place as secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union.

Vinson, F. W., Meth., has been appointed by Bishop Simpson to be presiding elder of Memphis district, Tenn., in place of W. H. Pearne, removed.

Wallace, A. G., United Presb., of Brighton, Pa., has been appointed secretary for church extension.

Wilder, H. A., Cong., has gone to Natal to his work in the Zulu Mission, South Africa.

Our Young Folks.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY.

ISABEL, Mary, Dick, Harry, and Will,
Well I remember that day at Oak Hill,
When loud through the house the dinner-bell rung,
And all who were loyal, the old and the young,
Were bidden to seek the grape-arbor straight,
And in the dress-circle to patiently wait.
At the end Mamma's green curtains were hung,
Above which an eagle artistically clung,
His wings at the widest, a type, I premise,
Of "Spread Eagle" flights in our after surprise.
Will, in a suit Continentally grand,
Stepped forth and announced an air from the band;
His mischievous eyes 'neath gravity lowered,
He sported frills and a long cue well floured,
And wore a basque for a coat swallow-tailed,
While my "Antoinette" bows were boldly assailed
To grace his small feet. A tiny old-school Gentleman, bowing by line and by rule,
He popped in and out, and gave the affair
A dignified, high, and *distingue* air.
To draw from the audience, disclosing the band,
As *much Continental* as skill could command
From time and material. Loyal hearts
On combs and a mouth-organ did their parts
Throughout Yankee Doodle's devious strains,
With a vigor fitted to craze our brains.
Then came a tableau, "most striking," we said—
Washington, with an ax high o'er his head,
Preparing that blow which down through the years
Has sent a loud echo to every child's ears.
Alas! I must add our National Prince
Attacked that day only a Japan quince,
And when these words opened a scene to view,
Who cut down my cherry tree; George, did you?"
Wild John spoiled the whole, as he roguishly cried,
And scandalized all the dress-circle beside:
Old man, 'twasn't he. Cheer up, little bub;
We'll witness you only *looked* at a *shrub*."
Hill Columbia" filled up the next chasm
Between bills of scenic effort. A spasm
Seemed to attack the band, as the finer
Strains began in the difficult minor.
The notes, which set out in brave martial array,
Grew wildly chaotic and fled in dismay.
The tune broke down in a laugh, loud and hearty,
Which soon ushered in "The Boston Tea-party."
Three savage Mohawks, the size of a dwarf,
In our row-boat, moored to famed Griffin's Wharf,
(The kitchen table) threw into a tub,
When opened by means of a rolling-pin club,
Boxes of tea-grounds. Our very hearts thrilled
As taxes and tea were gallantly spilled.
We helped the band through with "Star Spangled Banner"
At once, in a highly uproarious manner.
"Washington's Court" successfully ended
The entertainment. In it was blended
Beauty and wit, with bright scintillations
Of patriot fire against foreign nations.
Mary and Bell, in piano-spread trains,
Gave us the grace, and Harry the brains:
Declaiming to Washington in a long speech
How far in the future his glory would reach,
Describing the war in prophetic visions
And hitting the truth with keenest precision.
Dick read a poem, whose rhetoric, bounding
From ages to ages, and fearlessly sounding
The depths of the ocean and hights of the air,
Was rather confusing to most of us there.
Mamma had a feast on the shady lawn spread,
And Washington gravely sat down at the head;
Which the patriots, La Fayette, Franklin, and Lee,
Green, Harrison, Adams, had only to see
When straightway they fell to eating and drinking.
Toasts were drunk deeply in strong lemonade;
John teared each one, and was amply repaid
When, by orange balls fairly defeated,
Behind Grandma's chair he meekly retreated.
At evening Papa gave us his surprise:
Such fiery wheels as dazzled our eyes;
Those rockets went higher, to our young sight,
Than rockets ever blazed since that happy night;
And many and strange devices of fire
Were brilliant and swift as our fresh desire.
As memory brings the time back to me,
I long for the dear ones over the sea,
And send for their safety a prayer as still
And loving as ended our day at "Oak Hill."

A. W. A.

THE DESERT OF ATACAMA.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

DOUBTLESS, to the young reader, this name seems somewhat familiar. You have studied about it in your geographies, at school. But perhaps you have almost forgotten what and where it is. Searching the map of South America, you find that it covers a little patch of territory which attends from Bolivia, in a southwest direction, to the Pacific Coast; and that is all you ever know about it. Perhaps you do not even notice that the Andes run through the small space obscurely assigned to it, nor consider the probability that it lies upon tolerably high ground.

But, small as it looks when compared with the vast Sahara and others far better known, this Desert of Atacama is, after all, a very strange and interesting place. Though seldom visited, a few reliable travelers have left us a record of what they found there. And certain it is, if we may credit their accounts, the wide world scarcely presents objects of more thrilling interest for science or history.

Cobija, a town upon the Pacific Coast, is a favorable starting-point to reach the Desert. From this place the road follows the seashore for a few leagues; and then turns eastward, toward the mountains, which also run parallel with the ocean, and at a very short distance from it. These mountains, which constitute the first range of the Andes, rise to the hight of about four thousand feet; and on the plateau above lies the Desert of Atacoma. The way up to this plateau lies through a steep ravine, which was formerly the bed of some mighty torrent descending from the hights above. Through this rough and rocky path the traveler toils upward for four or five hours, when he emerges from it upon a vast undulating plain, which is the Desert of Atacama.

The surface consists of a calcareous earth, in which innumerable particles of salt, niter, etc., are shining with such a glare under the rays of a torrid sun, as to make it painful to look around. Not a blade of grass here; not a bird, or insect, or any other form of animal life, is to be seen. The stillness of death reigns everywhere, except for the moaning of the wind, which carries from place to place the powdered sand and lime.

The only evidence that men have ever been here is that human bodies, as well as those of mules and horses, are scattered about upon the waste—not reduced to disjointed fragments, but dried and shriveled mummies in the parching atmosphere of this dreary hight.

Day after day the thirsty traveler pursues his journey over such a soil and amid such objects, till he reaches Calama, a settlement in the midst of an immense morass, where he rests a little to refresh himself and his jaded mules. This morass, with its brackish and unwholesome water, is the source of a small river, called Lao, which at length becomes the boundary between this portion of Bolivia and Peru. It is so highly impregnated with the lime and other substances which are held in solution that the coarse bulrushes of the morass are quite encrusted, and small channels and trenches for draining are soon filled up by the same deposit.

Two days' journey from Calama, over the dazzling sand and through the stifling dust, brings the traveler to Chin-Chin, an ancient Peruvian burying-place, still with in the bounds of Atacama.

And here in reserve for him is a spectacle which one might safely affirm has not its like upon the face of the earth! It is called a *cenetery*, by which we generally understand a place for the *interment* of the dead, But here the dead are not buried. Seated in a large semi-circle, one beside another, are the mummied remains of an assemblage of human beings—men, women, and children—to the number of five or six hundred, all apparently in the places and attitudes which they first occupied, and which they have kept perhaps for ages! There they sit in the sand, immovable, as in a solemn council, gazing vacantly, with sunken and dried eyeballs, into the arid waste before them. Nearly all are in the same position, though some are fallen down and partly covered with the sand. The hot, dry air has preserved them as imperishably as the embalming art the bodies of Egypt.

What is the explanation of so strange a scene? Who were these that now constitute this ghastly company? Where, and how, and why did they first take their places in this vast semi-circle?

A thousand questions may be asked, but few answered. The inhabitants of the country who live nearest to the spot have no knowledge on the subject. Some think that the bodies were brought hither and placed in this position after dark, and that such deposit was to serve the purpose of burial. But where could the people have lived who brought their dead to this spot? There is no habitable region at any convenient distance; and no place of similar design is known to exist, to prove that it was a custom common to the aboriginal population.

Others believe that this may have been the remnant of a native tribe, hunted and pursued by enemies, and driven to a desperate choice between two impending evils—to die by their own act or by the weapons of their foes. There are mothers, with infants in their arms, among the mummies; and it is even thought that the dried and shrunken countenances retain sufficient expression to indicate that some grievous calamity had overtaken or was about to befall them. It may be their fancy, but travelers aver that grief and despair may be traced upon these shriveled features, and they are ready to believe that their possessors might have been retreating before the conqueror of their country (perhaps from Pizarro himself), and that, sooner than submit tamely to the rapacious and cruel invaders, they preferred to hide themselves in this dreary and inaccessible spot, and to suffer the agonies of a voluntary death, sustained by such comforts and hopes as their own simple faith could afford.

We cannot tell; but there is a spot on the border of this desert called Tucuman, which in the Indian language means "All is lost!" Perhaps the name commemorates the heroic resolution of these hunted people as they sought the desert for self-immolation!

It is said, too, by those who have studied the religious ideas of the ancient Peruvians, that they believed in self-sacrifice for their country; that, thus dying, they would be speedily removed to a better land toward the west.

The whole subject is full of a peculiar and melancholy interest, and would repay a more thorough investigation than it has ever received.

THE THIRD OF JULY.

Ho, mannikins! help me unburden my pockets
Of crackers and squibs, of pin-wheels and rockets.
Hurrah for the Fourth! It will soon be here, boys;
And we'll do our full share toward the racket and noise.
Here's a box of torpedoes for three-year-old Fred;
He'll be up with the lark, for he's early to bed.
Here's punk, too. No powder? 'Twill come in due time.
Gus whispers to Sidney: "O, won't it be prime!"
Mamma'll stop her ears at the terrible din;
But Grandma will laugh, and she won't care a pin.
She says the whole land should remember the Fourth—
From the East to the West, from the South to the North.
On that day our forefathers declared themselves free;
Right bravely they fought, too, for you and for me.
Let the merry bells ring and the loud cannons roar,
We will startle the echoes as never before.
Not crackers enough? Here's a dollar, beside,
Which Charley may spend, and the proceeds divide.
Now, to-bed, boys, and up with the first peep of day.
You will give us a rousing salute? Well, you may.

E. V. S.

The Sunday School.

....The speech of Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., on the first evening of the New York Sunday School Convention, was, to our mind, very appropriate. What right have the advocates of any peculiar theory of common school education to ride their hobby into a Sunday school convention? Dr. Clark made a speech which meant nothing more nor less than that we could reach Catholic children by compulsory reading of the Bible in public schools who could not be reached by the Sunday schools. This is cool Protestant Jesuitism. Does any man understand the spirit of Christ's Gospel who would cram it down the throats of the people with a legal compulsion? Like all Jesuitry, it works against itself. A prominent Sunday school man, who has been particularly the friend of Sunday schools in Europe, said to us: "In Germany the state teaches religion, and has made a nation of infidels." And it is just because we do not want America to be a nation of cold nubelief of the German pattern that we insist that religious instruction must be left to the warm hearts of voluntary Christian laborers, and not handed over to the perfunctory performances of pedagogues. But our chief animadversion is on the inappropriateness of Dr. Clark's speech at that time. We happen to know that some members of the executive committee were annoyed by it. He presented some resolutions, which were wisely referred to the executive committee, whose they would have slept but for the zeal of some friends of the measure, who called them up in a thin convention the next morning and passed them. Those opponents of the measure who happened to be present preferred to sit still rather than to disturb the meeting with an irrelevant debate, which would consume time and perhaps produce ill-temper. We hope that in future the discussions will be kept to their legitimate subjects.

....The New York State Sunday School Convention, which met in this city last week, was not largely attended. It is always a mistake, we think, to adjourn such a convention to a large city. The sessions were interesting throughout. Dr. Crosby presided exceedingly well, as usual, though we much prefer the selection of a Sunday school layman as president. There was a strong determination to carry forward the local work in the counties. The district conventions, which have hitherto been a fifth wheel, obstructing rather than helping the county work, were abolished. Most of the speeches were practical and sensible. There was less waste of time in buncombe and more practical, sensible work than is usual in such a convention. The practice lessons were given in a novel way. The subject was the same for the three lessons—infant, intermediate, and adult; and it was the subject of the next Sunday's lesson of the National Series. The infant class was taught by Mary Howe Smith, the intermediate class by Edward Eggleston, and the Bible class by Alfred Taylor. Dr. Duryea made an earnest and able speech on "Thorough Furnishing," against the theory that piety is sufficient, and in favor of careful preparation. Rev. J. H. Vincent read an able paper on "The Pastor and the Sunday School," advocating his favorite theory of the oneness of the church and the school—the children in the church and the grown people in the Sunday school. But, as always, the most significant things said in the convention were those which sprang up in the heat of the discussion of practical topics. Next year the convention meets in Plattsburgh, and we hope it will be made a mass convention.

....Be careful about prizes. We attended a school last Sunday where a watch was given to a young lady, she having brought in more verses than any other pupil. The next highest competitor was a girl in the infant class. It nearly broke our heart to think of the bitterness of that child's disappointment and the amount of emulous and envious feeling that must grow out of such a strife. How great is the folly of such rewards! These are safe rules: 1. Never offer a very expensive reward. 2. Offer rewards for a definite achievement, and let it be within the reach of all, like God's rewards. 3. As soon as you can get children to act from higher motives, drop the rewards. They will do as a makeshift, a stepping-stone to something better. But beware of teaching children that they must be paid for every good act they do. Put away childish things as soon as you can, and develop a disinterested desire to do good.

....When Raikes was debating whether he should begin a crusade against the Sunday wickedness of his city, his heart failed him at thought of the discouragements before him. Walking along the street, musing upon it, there came, like a voice dropped out of Heaven into his soul, one word: "Try." It became his watchword. He did try. And the place in which he stood when that word occurred to him seemed ever after to be a sanctuary to him. He could not pass it without the greatest emotion. He tried; he succeeded. And his experience is a type of that of Sunday school people everywhere. If you have, then, a work to do that seems impossible, you can at least do what Raikes did—you can try.

....Hot weather tells fearfully on the Sunday schools. They melt like snow under such a sun as that of last Sunday. These are the days when teachers should be more than ever faithful. At a season when so many are away at the watering-places, when so many more are selfish enough to stretch themselves on lounges, with books and papers, and quiet their consciences with a slight, a very slight headache; at a season when the superintendent is driven to distraction to know what to do for teachers, do not let anything less than an actual sun-stroke keep you away. Let all the exercises of a school be cut down at least one-third. This is the time to obey Cotton Mather's epigrammatic advice: "Be short."

....One of the Sunday school books of the French "Sunday School Society" has received the high honor of being "crowned" by the French Academy. It is called "Historical and Domestic Scenes" (*Scenes d'Histoire et de Famille*), and is by Madame de Witt de Guizot. Who will translate it for American children?

....Some people seem to think that a school is efficient in exact proportion to the amount of machinery it has. We know a school, at least a moderately good school in other respects, that has three superintendents, and yet is dismissed in "order" by a committee.

....There are more than nine hundred Sunday schools in France, with forty thousand children. Schools have been formed in Brittany, and many of the Sunday-school hymns have been rendered into their dialect.

HAVE PLANTS INTELLIGENCE?

If the oyster fastened on the rock can feel, why not the rose or the convolvulus, or the great oak tree that is fast rooted in the ground? Of the gladness of the sunshine, or the freshness of the rain and the air, are they not the pleased recipients? Who can tell? Or who shall deny, and give good reason for his incredulity? Who, however learned he may be, can decide where animal life ends and where vegetable life begins? What, for instance, is a sponge? And if, as Linnæus says, plants have no feeling, what makes the mimosa, or sensitive plant, shrink so timidly from the slightest touch, and apparently with such pain or terror from a ruder blow? Whether I am scientifically and philosophically right or wrong, I take pleasure in believing that the possession of life, in however infinitesimal a degree, presupposes in its possessor, whether animal or vegetable, a faculty of sensation that administers to its happiness, and that may consequently administer to its suffering. For pleasure and pain are twins; and the one is not attainable without liability to the other. The idea is not new to poetry, though not accepted by science. It blooms and sparkles in the graceful mythology of Rome, as all who remember the Dryads and Hamadryads; the loves of Apollo for Laura, Daphne, and Acantha; or who at school or college have pored over the metaphors of Ovid, will readily admit. The Oriental poets of India and Persia delighted to animate the flowers and trees; and, according to Hafiz, the rose is the favorite theme of the nightingale her lover, the nightingale. Greek superstition endowed the atropa mandragora with all the sensations of an animal, and believed that it shrieked with pain when its roots were wrested from the ground.

Science may laugh at all such notions; but science, though a very great and learned lady, does not yet know everything. Her elder sister, Poetry, often sees further and deeper into things than she does. Did not Shakespeare, in the "Tempest," forshadow the possibility of the electric telegraph more than two hundred years before Wheatstone? Did not Dr. Erasmus Darwin, long in advance of James Watt and Robert Stephenson, predict the steamship and the locomotive? Did not Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner," explain the *modus operandi* of the then unsuspected atmospheric railway.—*All the Year Round.*

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We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Riverside Magazine* for one year (price $2 50) to any person—not already a subscriber to *Riverside Magazine*—who will send us $4 00; or we will send *Riverside Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT with the money.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, June 30th, 1870.

"AN EX-SOUTHERNER."

IF over a rising race showed the power to outlive discouragement, it is the Southern freedmen. From the moment of emancipation, they have been constantly assumed that they were a doomed race; that starvation and disease would kill them, as Touchstone says, "in a hundred and fifty different ways"; that for them the alphabet was a delusion; that they could not learn their own living, nor rear their own children. It has been gravely asserted by "reliable informants" that the freedmen were starving by the wayside, and that black babies were constantly to be found abandoned under hedges. In spite of all this, the free blacks have lived, and have thrived; have earned money, and put it in the savings banks; have laughed and grown fat. Never was there a race so obstinately resolved to live and vindicate itself, in spite of croakers and calumniators.

The latest of these prophets of despair seems to be Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, who writes as an "Ex-Southerner" in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Why the "Ex" is prefixed, when his views so closely resemble those of the average Southerner of the period, does not appear. He simply criticizes emancipation and education from the point of view of the late governing class. All the old complaints: the absurdity of teaching negroes the alphabet; the bad influence exerted on them by the white teachers; the great mistake made in removing them "from what would have been, on the whole, the good influence of their former masters"; even the old assertion that the malatto race cannot propagate itself, of which Dr. Bachman wrote more than twenty years ago that it was "a doctrine virtually abandoned." All these assertions are repeated, with no new facts, no new illustrations, and nothing to add any new weight, except that they appear in a magazine like the *Atlantic Monthly*.

How loosely and heedlessly Professor Shaler gathers his facts may be judged from his own admission that he never entered a negro schoolhouse, though he might have done so; from his claim that the negro race must be studied at the Sea Islands, while it does not appear that he made more than one brief visit there; and from the fact that he dogmatizes just as readily about the events he does not pretend to have witnessed as about the very few which he claims to have seen. These things show the habit of a man's mind; and are, therefore, worth a little attention in detail.

It does not, for instance, appear that Prof. Shaler was in the Sea Islands during the war, though he was in the army somewhere and at some time. Yet he says of that great spectacle of the first experiment of emancipation at Port Royal that "every movement of the Government has been clearly against the negro in this district." Of that noble body of self-devoted teachers who went down there, at the sacrifice in many cases of health and life, and who finally won the respect of the very army officers who at first ridiculed and thwarted them, he says: "The whites who supplied their places were, perhaps, the worst specimens which could have been sent among the negroes." If the *Atlantic Monthly* had asserted that the women of the Sanitary Commission were the most depraved women in America, it would scarcely have been a greater outrage. Among the many who went there were, of course, individual instances of unworthiness; but as a body they were worthy of their trust, and it was through them that the freedmen of the Sea Islands vindicated their right to liberty by becoming self-sustaining and by furnishing the first slave-soldiers to the war.

Nor is it in the least true, as Mr. Shaler asserts, that these foolish teachers relied only on the English grammar. The Government itself, in sending superintendents as well as teachers, recognized the need of both material and mental training. Every woman who went there aimed to teach and taught something of domestic economy and the household virtues. There still dwells upon the island of St. Helena a noble woman, who left a cultivated home at the North, and trained herself as a physician, expressly that she might care for those poor people, and help to bring up the next generation more wisely in matters that English grammar does not reach. Of course, all that Government could do in this direction was limited in time, and had to be dropped at last to avoid the very habit of tutelage against which Mr. Shaler protests. But this whole essay does not contain a hint of any wiser or wider method of enlightening or guiding the blacks than was put in practice by Major-General Saxton and his teachers from beginning to end.

But it is impossible to follow Mr. Shaler into all his unjust and hasty statements. He says that "the fairest basis for hope we have is in his [the negro's] strong imitative faculties"; ignoring the far greater value of that deeply religious temperament which prevented even the strongly imitative nature of the blacks from imbibing one-quarter of the vice they saw exhibited before them during slavery. He charges the purely negro race with laxity of morals; when it was the uniform testimony of the early superintendents and teachers, in the very region he describes, that there was among them far less laxity than any one had expected. The singular absence in the early colored regiments of drunkenness, of profanity, of theft, and of offences against the chastity of women is a thing established past question.

The same carelessness of statement follows him on ground where philanthropy does not enter. He "was informed that a number of the negroes brought over by the famous schooner 'Wanderer' are still among the Sea Islands," and draws from this important inference. Yet it was the idlest rumor; for Colonel Higginson, with every one of the Sea Islands represented in his regiment, could find but one person who had ever heard of any one who professed to be a native African; and this witness was a mere boy, and very unreliable. In the same way, Professor Shaler repeats the common view of the physical inferiority of the mulatto, although his own university, with the whole community to choose from, selected for its athlete and gymnastic teacher a man of this puny race. He thinks it probable that the mixed race will die out under freedom, although the far greater proportion of mulattoes and quadroons in the Northern colored regiments (and especially the 54th Massachusetts) was a matter universally observed among those who had recruited only Southern blacks. There are, undoubtedly, in Professor Shaler's article some just remarks and fair criticisms; but there is throughout visible the bias we should naturally expect from a man who thinks that the South Carolina rebel leaders were "actuated by the same high impulses as those who gathered eighty years ago in Independence Hall"—or, in other words, that there is no difference between a revolt in the interest of slavery and one in the interest of freedom!

PARSONS AND PARLIAMENT.

WE mentioned lately the fact that Froude, the historian, who has been upsetting our long-established notions of historical characters, has been excluded from the House of Commons, in consequence of his having once taken orders in the church, though he never had any cure of souls and almost immediately abandoned the clerical profession entirely. This case is a proof of the unwisdom of making general rules to provide for particular cases. Some seventy years ago the once famous radical, John Horne Tooke, who had once been in orders and notorious as Parson Horne, was returned to Parliament. He was as undesirable an addition to the Whig opposition of that day as could well be made. He had strong natural parts, great readiness of speech, unsparing causticity, wit, unflinching personal courage, and indomitable assurance. All these qualities he had shown in the passage of arms which he had had with Junius. In that keen encounter of wit between the portly parson and the unscrupulous shadow John Horne bore no unequal part, and he did not retire from it so utterly worsted as his antagonist insolently assumed that he did. As long as Junius is read (which will be at least as long as his personality has not been established beyond a doubt) John Horne Tooke will be remembered and read too. And his name is also incorporated with English history, from his having been selected as one of the victims of Pitt's Reign of Terror in 1794, when he might well have been hanged for treason had it not been for the eloquence of Erskine and the independence of a London jury.

It is a little odd that Horne Tooke—whose treason consisted in acting with the Society of the Friends of the People, the object of which was a reform in Parliament, and not a more radical one than Pitt himself had proposed about ten years before—should have come into the House by the favor of Lord Camelford for the very smallest of all the rotten pocket-boroughs. He had been twice defeated for Westminster, and finally entered the Commons by the votes of six men, whose names may be found in his Life by Stephens. There was a motion to expel him, on the ground of his having been in orders; which, however, did not succeed. Then a law really intended to keep him out of Parliament, but necessarily general and prospective in its terms, was enacted, providing that no person who had been in Holy Orders should be eligible to the lower House. It was also decided that Orders were indelible; or, as the profane said, that the Mark of the Beast could not be effaced, and that once a parson always a parson. We are not sure that this decision was not a judicial one; but that is not material, as the Tory ministries of that day were as sure of their judges as of their majorities in all political cases.

The absurdity of the rule is shown by the fact that there is no objection to clergymen of the Establishment sitting in the House of Lords. Not merely the bishops have seats there; but at all times there are more or less noblemen in Holy Orders, who have inherited their titles or even been created peers while in Orders. The brother of Nelson, who was created Earl Nelson, after the death of the hero of Trafalgar, was a clergyman at the time. The late Marquis of Waterford was also a prebend of Armagh and rector of a parish when he succeeded his brother, the marquis of frolicsome renown. If the Christian ministry were an insuperable disqualification for a seat in the Lower House, it is hard to see why it should not be equally so for one in the Upper. But it was a personal matter in Horne Tooke's case, and probably there have been few instances of hardship under the law since that time. It is by no means unlikely that this case of Mr. Froude's calling attention to the absurdity of the rule may lead to its repeal. Of course, this disability applies only to clergymen of the Church of England. Dissenting ministers do not come under it, and the late Mr. Fox and others have held their seats without opposition. In the eye of the law they are mere laymen. The moral of all which is that it behooves all legislative bodies to be careful in the formation of their rules. Congress would do well to settle now its rules of discipline as to unworthy members, and put an end to the discreditable confusion attending the dealings with the cadet-brokers. One rule should be established that no member can resign his seat without the permission of the House, and a second that no one expelled from it can be re-eligible to the same Congress. Common sense and common decency require at least as much as this.

AGGREGATION AND SEGREGATION.

IT is a melancholy consideration that, up to this point of time, civilization, while it has developed the powers and resources of the human mind, has also multiplied its diseases. Insanity is the skeleton at the feast of the highest civilization, and the warning slave that damps the glories of every triumph of liberty with its boding presence. In proportion as nations have become free has mental disease multiplied. The reason is not far to seek. Where all the thinking and all the governing is done for the great masses of the people, they living in a state of dull contentment, occupied with their daily toil, and receiving their laws from their lords and their religion from their priests without questioning, they are little more liable to insanity than the beasts they rear and tend. But when freedom, civil or religious, has relieved them from this tutelage, and given to them the right and the power of thinking for themselves, with all the responsibility thereunto attached, both as to this world and the next, more and more minds have broken down under the new burden. Catholic countries are much more exempt from insanity than Protestant ones, and those subject to despotisms than such as enjoy governments more or less free. In savage countries the condition is so rare that the insane are regarded as a superior class of beings; and in Mohammedan lands they are looked upon as especially favored of Heaven; which they certainly would not be were the cases as common as they unhappily are with us. The intense competitions of modern life, the eager strivings after wealth and office, complicated with more and more luxurious ways of living, all tend to the disturbance of the balance of the brain and nervous system, and the promotion of mania, lunacy, or softening of the brain.

Happily, while the progress of civilization has multiplied mental disease, it has, also, infinitely improved its treatment. Indeed, it was not regarded as a disease at all till within the last hundred years, even persons of average intelligence regarding it as proof of demoniacal possession. It is plain from Cowper's correspondence that not only himself and Mrs. Unwin, but that long-headed, strong-minded slave-trader turned divine, John Newton, believed his lunacy to be caused by the direct malice of the Devil. And it has only been within this century, or a little more, that humane and scientific treatment has replaced the straw, darkness, chains, and whips of former ages. Cure, which used to be thought impossible, excepting by miracle, is now almost certain in cases taken early in hand, and relief and comfort almost absolutely sure. The management of insane asylums is, undoubtedly, open to great improvement, and it should never be taken for granted that abuses are impossible in them. The theory, on the contrary, should be that such are very possible, and every practicable measure adopted to guard against them.

Such have recently come to light in this country; and in England two subordinate assistants in a madhouse have been sentenced to a term of penal servitude equivalent to the penitentiary in this country for manslaughter, in causing the death of a patient by cruel usage. And they were convicted on the evidence of one of the patients. Two or three instances of gross cruelty have been exposed in the papers lately, apparently on sufficient authority. These cruelties were undoubtedly inflicted by the subordinates of the asylums—the nurses or servants—and were not authorized by or known to the superintendents. But such cases should be made impossible; and this can only be done by the employment of a superior class of men and women in these capacities, and by a more constant surveillance of the superior officers. And this cannot be done as long as the hospitals for the insane are on the gigantic scale of our state institutions.

Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, a scientific philanthropist of a European as well as an American reputation, has recommended the system adopted in Gheel, in Belgium, where the insane are treated separately and employed in agricultural and other occupations. We see that the Convention of Superintendents of the Insane, at Hartford, last week, thought this system unsuitable to the character of American insanity. There may be other reasons why this system could not be well introduced in this country; but we are sure that the opposite extreme of the immense aggregations of the mad now prevailing should give way to a more rational plan. Every case of insanity differs from every other, and demands a special treatment. No institution should be so large that the superintendent should not be able to have every case under his immediate eye. Instead of adding wing to wing to our old asylums, or building larger in new localities, they should be broken up, and smaller ones substituted for them. It is a mere matter of dollars and cents in a matter in which expense should not be considered, and in which the greater comfort and protection of the inmates and the increased ratio of cures would even make the change for the better in a money point of view.

That cases of unkind treatment, and even cruelty, should occur under the present system is almost inevitable. The insane are, of course, unreasonable, and often provoking to the last degree; and, if they are put in the power of ignorant men and women, not trained to self-command, instances of excessive violence and brutality must occur occasionally, if not commonly. The only remedy lies in having smaller establishments, such as one man of science and special training can have under his own immediate supervision, and making him responsible for the character and conduct of the nurses and attendants. It was a great step forward in the march of civilization when the great asylums were established. It will be a greater stride yet when they are replaced by smaller and more manageable ones. Aggregation was a good thing; but segregation will be a better.

CONTRACTED VIEWS ON POSTAGE.

MR. SUMNER did right to make another attempt in favor of one-cent postage, by moving his bill of eight sections as an amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill. In his speech supporting the amendment, he alleged two authentic facts of great importance to the argument. One was from General Meigs, quartermaster of the army, to the effect that the cost of transportation of military supplies over the most difficult and expensive route, from San Francisco to Yuma depot, is done by contract at eight and three-eighths cents per pound, while the postage of a pound of letters at one cent per half ounce would come to thirty-two cents, nearly four times as much. At the present rate of postage, a pound of letters carried over that difficult route would pay 96 cents, which is nearly twelve times the cost of freight. The other was a statement from the General Post-office of a postal route in New Mexico, the transportation of the mail on which cost $130,000 a year, and the number of letters was only 3,000, making the cost of carrying each letter $46¾. On what principle of *quid pro quo* does the Government charge twelve times the cost of freight in one case, and carry letters for three cents in another case the transportation of which costs forty-seven dollars apiece?

It seems there are men in Congress whose minds are quite incapable of understanding the intricate mysteries of the multiplication table, and who, therefore, do not hesitate to parade the most utter nonsense about postage. The chairman of the Senate Post-office Committee is one of these. He actually contended that the American postage rate of three cents a letter is "the lowest postage in the world"; because, he says, "you transport a letter over three million miles of surface for three cents," while, in England, "they charge two cents for transporting letters over a superficial area of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand square miles." He rejects the mathematical demonstration of Rowland Hill, that the cost of transportation of a single letter is not sensibly affected by distance; and the further proof offered by Mr. Sumner, that one cent, among us, according to our ordinary calculations, is about the equivalent of one penny in England. The chairman of the Post-office Committee reserves his conclusively final arithmetical argument to the last. It is the loss to the Treasury from the three cents tax on letters.

"The whole postal revenues are but $18,000,000. Two-thirds of that would be $12,000,000. We now pay a deficiency from the Treasury to the Post-office Department of $4,500,000, so that sixteen or seventeen millions of money would have to be supplied to the Post-office Department from the general Treasury. How does the senator propose to compensate the country for this great loss?"

He says: "The country is not in a position to bear it, and the country does not ask it." He rejects the idea of any considerable increase of letters when the postage is reduced to one cent, in face of the fact that the cheap postage of letters in England has produced a continuous yearly increase of letters now for thirty years, without failing for a single year. The more general diffusion of education in this country, the greater scattering of families, and the rapid extension of business relations fully warrant the expectation that the number of letters would double the first year, and then continue to increase at the rate of ten per cent. per year for a generation. We have never yet tried the experiment of a rate of postage which all the people should feel to be wonderfully cheap.

But the demand for cheap postage does not rest on any such calculation of increase, which, after all, may prove fallacious. It rests upon the utter and palpable injustice of the tax upon letters. This nation is not so poor that it cannot pay the necessary cost of carrying on the government, one of the vital functions of which is the establishment of mails in every part of the land. The people will see the injustice of taxing the cost of this department upon the letters of the people who live in the old states, and who now pay three times as much as they ought on every letter.

If the Government wishes to carry newspapers for less than cost, and the immense amount of printed documents for nothing, that does not make it right to tax the expense upon the writers of letters. It is as much the duty to give us cheap letters as cheap newspapers. No man in Congress dares to apply to newspapers the rules he does not scruple to apply to letters. The time will come when these narrow-minded senators will feel about their opposition, as we can imagine Vice-President Colfax feels during these discussions, at the remembrance of the strenuous efforts by which he carried the bill to double the postage on printed circulars and transient newspapers, in order to give greater scope for the franking of campaign documents by the Congressional Committee.

ENGLISH FREE TRADE IN PULPITS.

THE prophecies of the friends of the English Church at the time of the Irish disestablishment, that this measure would only prepare the way for an assault on the Anglican Establishment, have begun to fulfill themselves. The Church fabric, like many another ancient edifice, would stand almost any length of time, if let alone; but if hands are laid upon it, for repairs or remodeling, it will be apt to be found past cure, and that the only thing to be done is to take it entirely down. Two or three weeks ago a Mr. Cooke made a motion in the House of Commons looking toward the abolition of Church patronage. This was laying the ax at the root of the tree; but its edge was turned aside by the influence of the ministry and the skill of Mr. Gladstone. The system of presentation to benefices by lay patrons is so incorporated into the laws and habits of the English people that to abolish it would be like abolishing the Church itself. The stirring of the question has given rise to discussions in the newspapers; and, the edge of the wedge having been introduced, there can be no doubt that it will in time be driven home. The system being practically incorporated with the property of the country, it will make it a more difficult and complicated matter to abolish or modify it.

It is, indeed, a high crime to take money for a presentation to a living. It is simony, and subject to heavy penalties, civil and ecclesiastical. But then the living must be vacant before its sale will put the parties to it in the category of Simon Magus. There is no law against selling the next presentation during the life of an incumbent. Any patron may take money for promising the reversion of a parish, the parson of the same being still in existence. The older and more infirm he is, of course, the higher the price of his succession. The value of a presentation is made up of the expectation of life of the incumbent, the annual amount of the tithes, the condition of the parsonage, the extent of the glebe, the character of the neigborhood, and whatever goes to make the parish a pleasant and profitable place of abode. If it were not profane, one might say that this method of evading the pains and penalties of simony partakes of the nature of that operation known as "whipping the devil round the stump." Only, if the taking of money for the cure of souls be indeed a mortal sin, the Devil will be sure to have the best of it in the long run.

It is well-known to our readers that it was this system of lay patronage in Scotland that led to the secession of 1844, and the establishment of the Free Kirk. We believe that there was little or no buying and selling of presentations, owing probably to the small amount of the Scotch stipends; but the proprietors were unwilling to relinquish a prescriptive privilege which they had inherited from their ancestors. The Scotch Presbyterians of the Free Kirk, therefore, like the English Dissenters, have to support two ministers—one that they will hear, and one that they won't. But in England, besides the dignity of the thing, there is an actual pecuniary value attached to the office of a patron. Advowsons, or the right of presentation of incumbents to a certain parish, are regular articles of merchandise, advertised and sold by public or private sale to suit customers. The parishioners have no voice in the matter, excepting that they can petition the bishop to refuse investiture to a man against whom they can bring sufficient charges. If the bishop is satisfied, they have no redress. In former times, landed proprietors often built churches and parsonages, with the privilege of nominating the parsons. In this way many of the advowsons originated. At the time of the suppression of the convents, the parishes which had been dependent upon them were passed over to the laymen, upon whom the abbey lands were bestowed. In this way the control of the spiritual concerns of the parish got to be so mixed up with the temporal concerns of the lord of the manor that it is hard to separate them in a country where vested interests are so respected as in England. A patron writes to the *Times*, saying that he had refused £4,000 for the next presentation to a living in his gift, on account of the ritualistic tendencies of the candidate. And he asks, not unnaturally, whether Parliament will take away from him a privilege of that money value without compensation? The system must have worked pretty well, on the whole, to have endured unto this day. But, working well or ill, and with compensation to the patrons or without, it certainly will not be permitted to work much longer.

Editorial Notes.

OUR quondam and esteemed colaborer, Justin McCarthy, thus describes, in an article on "American Women and English Women," in the *Galaxy*, some of the scenes with which he was familiar while he had a desk in the office of THE INDEPENDENT:

"I know something of the inner life of a certain New York weekly journal, and have been in the habit of spending some time more or less of every working day there; and I venture to affirm that of the amateur contributors who penetrated, wholly uninvited, into the editorial rooms, and presented there a bundle of manuscript, at least two out of every three were women, and a considerable proportion of these were girls under twenty. This journal had many female pens contributing regularly to its columns, the pens of ladies who wrote essays, 'editorials,' poems, stories, descriptions of travel, regular newspaper correspondence, etc., and did their work as well as any penman engaged in the literature of journalism. Two or three at least of these accomplished women write with a force, a freedom, a clearness of thought, a mastery of terse, nervous, and eloquent expression which would do honor to any masculine journalist and to any publication. I presume that the same thing may be said of many other—I know it can be said of some other—New York journals, weekly and daily. But, in the instance of which I speak, the fact that so many female pens were professionally and regularly employed in the columns of the journal naturally left little opportunity or chance for the proffered services of amateurs; and, therefore, most of the ladies who presented themselves with their bundles of manuscript were allowed to depart without their workmanship having been accepted. How many times have I listened with profound interest to the debate which would take place between one of the editors of the journal and one of the fair amateurs! How calmly, firmly, fluently, fearlessly she would expatiate on the peculiar attractions of her essay, poem, or story; how gracefully she would wave away, not without a dash of gentle scorn in her tone, the mild and elementary objections of the editor—the objection, for instance, that he had already had seven successive articles on the same subject, of which the last was published that very day; or that the views expressed in the proffered essay were diametrically opposed to those of himself and the journal; or that his literary columns were filled up already for six months in advance; or that he never did or could accept long romances, and this seemed to be a preternaturally long romance. The lady, probably eighteen years of age, had meanwhile calmly taken a chair, arranged her skirts, and sat down to argue the question; and how eloquently, vivaciously, eagerly she did argue it! How her eyes sparkled and her tongue rattled! And, when at last it became evident that the thing could not be accepted, the chances were that in nine cases out of ten the disappointed young woman took her defeat with the most perfect good humor; and, dismissing the subject of the rejected manuscript altogether, started an animated talk on things in general before bidding good-bye to the inexorable editor, and setting forth to try her fortune with some one else. Happy was it for the journal I spoke of that I was not its editor—that I had not the power of accepting contributions! I never could have held out against such arguments; nay, I should infallibly have yielded at the first blush of battle. I should have accepted all the contributions of all the ladies, young and old; and what a fine circulation I should have soon secured for that weekly paper."

....What the oar had done for the half-aquatic English people the base-ball bat bade fair to do for Americans. It was suddenly raised by those greatest of lawmakers, the newspapers, as the "National Game." For about a decade it has held its place. It has done some harm and much good. It was a capital muscle-maker. Muscles cannot be made by gymnasia, by doing and doing for your health. But base-ball gave the mental and physical stimulus at the same time. Now, alas! it has fallen and is fast going to the bad. The emulation of cities and the desire to make money out of the contests put the great clubs into the hands of "professionals." This was the first downward step. When it became a mere show of professional skill it lost its high place. But the professionals appear in many cases to be professional black-legs. After making a reputation, they arrange an exciting game, get their accomplices to lay large wagers on their defeat, and then play wretchedly and get defeated, thus stealing thousands of dollars. This disreputable practice is fast killing the game. People do not care to be humbugged, and the name of being a "base-ballist" is no longer a credit to a man. The pun on the first part of the word has become frightfully trite, as puns generally do when they are true.

....The London correspondent of the *World* has been "interviewing" Mr. Jacob Bright, who lately introduced the Woman Suffrage bill in the British Parliament. Mr. B. observed that "the men who have weak wives are the most bitter opponents of the extension of the suffrage to women. Their own experience leads them to take a low view of the capability of women; and they are naturally inclined to believe that, inasmuch as their own wives are weak-minded and quite incapable of intelligent political action, the great majority of all other women are in the same condition." We suspect that the opposition to the reform in this country often finds its impulse in the same cause. The correspondent represents Mr. Bright as saying that defeat of his bill was expected, as a matter of course:

"When the question was one of argument and reason, we carried the House with us; but when it came to pass the ordeal of party expediency, and the government put down its foot against the measure, there was an end of the matter for this session. You will understand, in the first place, that it would have been an innovation on the discipline of party and the prerogatives of ministers to have permitted a private member like myself to carry through a bill of so much importance as this. It would have been an abdication on their part of the responsibilities of ministerial government; and, had the other objections to the bill which existed in the mind of Mr. Gladstone and the other members of the government been removed, this one objection would have been sufficient to secure its defeat. We knew this perfectly well, of course; but it was expedient to make a beginning in this way, and to show as much strength as possible, in order that some future government may see its account in taking up the reform and making it a government measure. The fact is, the bill created a panic in our own party. It was a small measure, but still it was a large measure. Its practical effect would have been to enfranchise about 300,000 women in the United Kingdom. The number of voters now upon our registration rolls is about 2,000,000; and so the increase proposed by this bill would have been about one-seventh to the present constituencies. Now, 300,000 is a small number as compared with 2,000,000; but it is enough, if united, to hold the balance of power in a contested election. The idea that the women, as a rule, were conservative in their political opinions, and that if they had votes they would give them to Conservative as against Liberal candidates, by some means got spread abroad among the Liberals in the House, and this produced a very comical effect. One member bolted me to withdraw the bill, on the ground that it was in effect a game to give a large number of votes in places where the Liberal majority was small to the Tories. He showed me a list of twenty seats in his own knowledge which, in his opinion, would be carried by the Tories at the next election if the unmarried women and the widows had the suffrage. The belief that this would be the case had much to do with augmenting the majority that voted against the bill. It amounted, of course, to this ridiculous confession: that it would be a good thing to give the suffrage to women if they would vote with the Liberals, but that it would be a bad thing to give it to them if they were determined to vote with the Tories."

....Samuel M. Janney, the Quaker Indian Superintendent at Omaha, in a letter to the *Herald* of that place, defends himself and his associates from the attacks made by the Nebraska senators in the recent debate on the Indian question. In reply to the statement of Senator Thayer that there have been more murders of peaceful citizens on the frontier and greater destruction of property since the introduction of Friends as superintendents, and that the Indians have got the impression that, if they do wrong, if they commit a murder, if they destroy property, the Quaker agent will shield them, Mr. Janney says the declaration has struck him with surprise, as he supposed it was known to the senator and to the community that the superintendents had been prompt and faithful to bring before the proper tribunal every case where there was reasonable ground for suspicion that the Indians under their charge had committed crimes against the whites. He says:

"For the murders on the frontier by the Indians or white men the friends who have charge of this superintendency are not responsible in any way. The Indians under our charge did not commit them; and it is obviously unjust to attribute them to the Quaker policy. . . . It was the President's policy to place the warlike Indians under military officers, and the peaceable tribes under the care of the Friends. I think the American people have indorsed his policy. The remarks of the senators on the present condition of the Indians in this superintendency show that they are not correctly informed. We can show that more work has been done by Indian labor during the last year than ever before by these tribes. They are using, to advantage, the implements we have furnished them, and they need more. They are plowing and planting, they are cutting and hauling saw-logs for their buildings, and the men are doing work formerly done only by squaws. Even some of the chiefs, who never worked before, have put their hands to the plow and driven their own teams."

....The Ohio Congregational Conference has certainly had a lively meeting at Oberlin. As if it was not business enough to put Oberlin Seminary on a good footing, where her enemies could not carp at her, the reverend body disported itself with analyzing Henry Ward Beecher's theology, and discussing the doubtful question whether the paper he edits is a safe religious guide to allow in Christian families. It was curious to see the orthodoxy that is sound enough to instruct Union and Princeton theological students challenged by his own denomination in the great free West. But there was one more question they could stumble against; and they did it. The church in Toledo sent women as delegates. It was obliged to do it or go unrepresented, as the lords of creation would not come. But Dr. Samuel Wolcott set like Cerberus at the gate of—the Conference, "*ingens latratu trifaux*," and barked out of more mouths—at least more speeches—than those which once affrighted Aeneas. No medicated honey-cake would put him to sleep, and the conference sent the women home by a vote of 88 to 55. But the question came up again, and it looks as if Toledo would be allowed its chosen representatives next year, even if Cerberus must be served as roughly as Hercules once treated him.

....Mr. Charles Buxton, M. P., has done a very fair, sensible thing in advocating in Parliament that Her Majesty be requested to ask Dickens on the very day that he was struck with apoplexy, in answer to a correspondent who kindly objected to a passage in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," as likely to hurt the feelings of sincerely religious people, shows what attitude he meant to assume in relation to Christianity. It should bring a blush to the cheek of some of his critics:

GADSHILL PLACE,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Wednesday, June 8th, 1870.

Dear Sir:—It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it, and because I rewrote that history for my children, every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them long before they could read and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the housetops. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

....The funeral of Dickens was marked by a privacy and simplicity in accordance with his well-known tastes, and which make it an example worthy to be followed in similar cases. His grave, which is only between five and six feet deep, is situated about a yard or a yard and a half from the southern wall of Poet's Corner. The spot was selected by the dean from among the few vacant spaces in that transept; and our readers will hear with interest that all of Charles Dickens that is mortal lies at the feet of Handel and at the head of Sheridan, with Richard Cumberland resting on his right hand and Macaulay on his left. His grave is near the foot of Addison's statue, and Thackeray's bust looks calmly down upon the grave of his old friend. Dr. Johnson and Garrick lie within a few yards of him; and the busts of Shakespeare, Milton, and a host of other worthies, each of them the glory of English literature in their day, are but a little further off.

....Lord Clarendon, secretary of state under Mr. Gladstone's administration, died on Sunday last, aged 70 years. He was lord lieutenant of Ireland in the time of the potato famine, and has long held a prominent place in English diplomacy.

College Record.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, Pennsylvania. Commencement June 27th. Graduates 16. Honorary D.D. on Revs. J. M. Thoburn, missionary in India; and John Diehl, of Baltimore. LL.D. on Judge White, of Allegheny City. Addresses by President Goodman, of Baldwin University, Ohio; and President Martin, of West Virginia University. Ladies will hereafter be admitted to the college on the same terms with gentlemen.

....Lombard University, Jacksonville, Ill. Commencement June 15th. Graduates 11 A.B., 2 ladies L. A., 5 B. S. Honorary D.D. on Revs. A. C. Barry, of Racine, Wis.; and G. T. Flanders, of Chicago. Literary addresses by Leslie Greenwood, Esq., and Mrs. Austin Adams, of Dubuque.

....Emory and Henry College, Va. Commencement June 9th. Literary oration by Joseph W. Taylor, Esq., of Eutaw, Ala. Graduates 13. Honorary LL.D. on Dr. T. O. Summers, Southern Methodist.

....Kalamazoo College, Michigan. Commencement June 15th. Graduates 5. Honorary LL.D. on Prof. Henry S. Frieze, acting president of the University of Michigan.

....Andalusia College, Pa. Commencement June 22d.

Personal.

ALICE CARY, in a letter to the *Home Journal*, tells the following characteristic anecdote of Ole Bull, who had heard of her illness: "One morning, just previous to his departure for his far-away home, he sent his card, asking permission to come and sing for me some of the old Norwegian airs, which he holds exceedingly precious, and plays only at his own fireside and to listeners who have something of the weird and solemn and prophetic in themselves. Be sure I was not slow in returning grateful assurances of 'permission'; and my messenger presently came back to me, bearing on his shoulder a case containing those marvelously-cunning interpreters of that divine music which is native to the soul of only one man in all the world. In due time came the great magician himself, making me forget for more than one hour, by the sweetness and brightness of that smile of his, and by the rough gold of his broken speech, (the more charming, I think, for its very imperfections), that he possessed any finer gift than that of conversation. It was a great delight to look upon those two violins —one of them centuries old, I believe—which, wrapped in queenly garniture and tenderly cared for, have crossed and recrossed the ocean so many times, and accompanied their master through nearly all civilized lands, feeding so many hungry hearts and elevating and inspiring so many darkened and saddened souls."

....Rev. Wm. R. Alger, of Boston, in a sermon on the life and death of Charles Dickens, pays this tribute to his religious character and influence:

"A high place among the noblest of all the writers of fiction who, encroaching on the province of the pulpit, have distinguished themselves as teachers of the best lessons, must be assigned to Charles Dickens, who might fitly have taken a pen for his armorial bearings, with the scroll: 'The writer has outranked the warrior, and will supersede the priest.' Some may be surprised at this association; nevertheless, it is just. Though he is never a professed and obtrusively didactic teacher of piety and virtue, his moral and devotional sensitiveness is extreme. A Christianlike spirit of tenderness and charity pervades his works. A quick and kind sensibility to everything human is constantly conspicuous, and profound piety is manifest in every allusion he makes to God or to the unknown and infinite. The constantly happy or loving and tender spirit in which he contemplated all creatures, all objects—man, horse, dog, cat, bird, insect, twig—is a central charm in his whole literary work. Not a leaf could tremble before his eyes, not a toad could hop across his path, not a swallow skim its way through the firmament, not a pumpkin-handle project itself in his sight, that his humorous muse did not photograph with some human touch, some genial trait of humanity. . . . Pickwick, Squeers, Wegg, Micawber, and the rest—he regards them all, and would influence us to regard them all, with the divine toleration and charity of Nature herself, who holds the same firmament above sensualist and saint, spreads the same earth between fool and hero, even as Jesus Christ said that his Father sent rain and sunshine equally on the thankful and unthankful. Such a man puts the human race in his debt. He emancipates, enriches, and blesses us. . . . Surely he who felt so keenly for everything human may well expect that everything human will remember him lovingly now that that he is gone. But no. Before his clay is yet cold, self-elected critics stand up and vilify him as a calamity to mankind, howling again at him, as he lies dumb and defenseless in his coffin, baseless charges of infidelity and irreligion. Oh, it is monstrous, and it has been left for professed ministers of his gospel to do it. Not a members of no other profession would be capable of—maligning and trampling on the dead because he did not believe as they did, and in the Christ and following in the own conscience, obey the conscience of his censors. Standing beside the dead Dickens, we would exclaim to the bigots who so wantonly assail him, 'Touch not on him; do not outrage the man so noble that his fame folds in fancy the orb of the earth. Although he did not believe in the theology of the Established Church, he did believe in the pure substance of Christianity, in the personal teachings of Jesus Christ, and was penetrated with their spirit." . . . All his works breathe Christian sentiments, and his daily life exemplified them. He has never written one word in attack or depreciation of morality or religion. It is their brutal and loathsome counterfeits, the odious and disgusting substitutes, put in their place by fanatics and bigots, that he has satirized; and in doing this he has rendered more signal service to the Christianity that has prized the same in the same period by any fifty pulpits in Christendom. For one, I thank him in the name of mankind and religion for the noble work he has accomplished in stripping off the sanctity and exposing such characters as Pecksniff, Chadband, Uriah Heep, and many more."

....The Washington *Star* publishes the following extract of a letter lately received by a lady in that city:

"The great and abundant generosity which has met me on all sides since my printed statement appeared has touched as much as it has surprised me. Nothing could have been more unexpected. It is useless for me to endeavor to give any adequate expression of my feeling to the women who write me with such kindness. I am poor in words and in wealth. I can only say that I do thank you from a full heart; that I send you my blessings, and that I sincerely pray that the light on your pathway may be as bright as my shadows are dark and heavy. Good-bye, and Heaven bless you.

"Always yours, gratefully,
"ARMY SAGE RICHARDSON."

....The following letter, written by Mr. Dickens on the very day that he was struck

Religious Intelligence.

THE Young Men's Christian Association held its national convention at Indianapolis, commencing Wednesday, June 22d. Owing to the railroad accident from which Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., is suffering, J. S. Maclean, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, took his place as presiding officer. Mr. Maclean stated that within 4 years the number of associations in Nova Scotia had increased from 1 to 50. The demise of the Association in Troy, N. Y., where the annual convention of 1859 was held, brought up the question whether any Associations had declined; and, if so, why? One brother reported an association killed by hiring a missionary to do its work. Another thought the difficulty sometimes was honorary members and officers who are mere figure-heads. But, as no one proposed an inquest in Troy, the cause of its decease was left a mystery. At the "Welcome Meeting" Governor Baker made an address of welcome not more than 3 minutes long, and was followed by the mayor and other speakers. On Thursday the question was discussed, "What branch of Association work has met with most success?" Out-of-door preaching and neighborhood prayer-meetings were especially urged. The question of female membership afterward coming up, the general sentiment seemed to be against their admission to *active* membership; but that Young Women's Associations should be organized. Other questions of interest were discussed. A large amount of time was occupied in the endeavor to commit the Association to a plan of "Laymen's Institutes," or theological seminary for out-of-door preachers; but the question was tabled, as

little picture of life (which Dickens, almost alone of our widely-received authors, would have dared to write) that Dot, as might very naturally have been the case, really did love Plummer, according to the Carrier's suspicion, would not John Peerybingle, her husband, have only acted in conformity with the self-sacrificing dictates of Christianity, and in harmony with its spirit of love and compassion, if he had acted on his ultimate determination, and released her from her unhappy connection with himself? And what in truth he expressed that night by the hearth, when he termed this release a "separation," implying that he had done Dot, although unwittingly, a wrong which he was obligated, as a mortal injuring another fellow-mortal, to undo and rectify as far as lay in his power: since he had robbed her of her personal right to life, which it now became his duty to restore to her—so far, let us repeat, as lay in his power. But, alas! for the extent of that power! How willingly would John Peerybingle—now that he had risen above selfishness and all other evil motives, and had gained his sublime victory over himself and his sinister nature—how gladly would he, in his large-hearted pity and clear insight into justice and true religion, have restored poor Dot to the same condition of freedom and untrammeled innocence with which he received her, and let her follow the natural loving promptings of her heart, had it been in his power to do all that! But this he well knew he could not compass. Beyond releasing her from her thralldom to him, he could do nothing. Church, the law, conventionalism, and all the ways and means by which society can bind and imprison and torture, hedged them around and prevented him from effecting her positive, guileless, innocent happiness.

Ah! John Peerybingle, that Cricket and those fairies of the Hearth that night taught thee a better gospel of submission, in thy furious agony, to the God of Liberty and the Holy Spirit of love and pity for all mankind, all of whom are thy neighbors, even this secretly suffering wife of thine, as thou thinkest she suffers—a better Gospel, we say, than those who profess to expound this same Gospel introduced by Christ dare or have the light and grace to preach in their pulpits and write in their bloodless commentaries. It took thee, Mr. Carrier, the husband, and made of thee a grand and gentle-souled martyr. But did you not know, most unsuccessfully-sacrificing man, that you no call on you, either on the part of society, or the church, or the statute-book, thus to act the good Samaritan? But, in thinking it over so intently that long, trying night, did you see further than the world and the worldly church, and discern far beyond this that it was only a single deed of true Christian charity you were doing when your sweetly strong heart came to its final decision? Probably you did not. Probably this theological view of the subject did not strike you—so terribly is Christianity warped and perverted from its spirit to its mere letter and forms—and you only thought of the heart and its claims, and the life-long vitiation and blight of the tender female spirit temporally thrown upon your manliness and honor; and you forgot, or never knew or heard, that this last is what Christianity is based on and inculcates, instead of dry forms and measured barbarities. But, notwithstanding this oversight of thine, John Peerybingle, it is nevertheless true that in nourishing and cultivating motives and resolutions like thine the Saviour of the world, that sympathizing high-priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, is best served and most truly followed.

What a gospel—what a 'blessed attestation to the existence and moral strength of truth and love in man—was the Carrier's illuminated face, as, rising up from that long sitting, that sanctified night by the Hearth, he met Tackleton, quite to that gentleman's surprise and discomfiture, with a smile of peace and beamed all the glory of his regenerated spirit upon him! "Thus giveth He his beloved peace." God bless thee, Charles Dickens, for writing this story. Heaven reward thee for setting to the powerful music of thy inimitable words this long-struggling, long-maligned, yet veritable truth of Christ. How by this and in other ways thou hast exemplified and brought home to the convictions and hearts of multitudes of the callous and unreflecting the words of thy Divine Master and theirs: "Unless your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—that Kingdom of Heaven which consists in the love and practice of the noble, the generous, and the tender emotions and the purest sanctities of the human breast. For does not Christ exemplify in his life, and his apostles declare by precept, that the fruit of the Spirit is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law"?

In opposition, therefore, to some who, commenting on the death of Dickens, have said that he was so thoroughly conservative as to be in no sense a radical, and in sympathy with the removal of the systemized abuses of church and state, we think it is only due to truth and fairness, and also to himself, to state it explicitly and openly that the great novelist has, at least in the "Cricket by the Hearth," taken radical ground in favor of the rights and emancipation of women far in advance of a host of his contemporaries usually classed among innovators; and done it, too, in the sweetest, wisest, and subtlest manner possible. Will it now do to accuse him and this charming story of inculcating the doctrines of free love and universal lawlessness, and introducing the entering wedge for the disruption of society?

Publisher's Department.

$1,000 REWARD is offered by the proprietor of DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. OF GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY for a medicine that will equal it in the cure of all diseases for which it is recommended. For Bronchitis, severe Coughs, and the early stages of Consumption it has astonished the medical faculty by its wonderful cures, and hundreds of the best physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. As a cure for Pimples on the face, Eruptions, Blotches, Scrofulous Diseases, and "Liver Complaint," or Biliousness, it has never been equaled. Sold by druggists. The *Genuine* has Dr. Pierce's private Government Revenue Stamp on the outside wrapper.

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DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY KILLER.—The Original Genuine Article. Imitations are about. Don't be fooled. Ask for Dutcher's.

other's doctrinal symbol. As the two churches have the same polity, there is no reason why they should not unite.

....The executive committee of the Baptist Missionary Union are not ready to give up Professor Knapp and his work in Madrid. They have decided to take immediate measures to establish the mission and have opened communication with Professor Knapp.

....At the late General Assembly 149 of the 600 members are reported as having spoken, of whom Dr. Musgrave spoke 6 times, Dr. Beatty 8, Dr. Crosby 49, Dr. W. Adams 36, Dr. Hatfield 33, Dr. Spear 39, ex-Governor Pollock 38, and W. E. Dodge, Esq., 21 times.

....The London City Mission has in its employ 375 missionaries, who made over two million visits last year, reclaimed 905 drunkards, restored 676 fallen women to their homes or put them in asylums, and inducted 184 shopkeepers to give up Sunday trading.

....The Southern Presbyterians have 3 theological seminaries—the Union Theological Seminary, of Virginia, with 4 professors and 35 students; and the Columbia (S. C.) Seminary, with 31 students.

....Professor Austin Phelps, in the *Advance*, expresses his belief that some of the phenomena of spiritualism are really caused by extra-corporeal spiritual agencies. He refers them to Satan.

....The United Presbyterians suffered last year a net loss of 10 ministers, 15 having died and 12 gone to other denominations.

....The Chicago Young Men's Christian Association has found employment the past year for over 5,000 men.

DICKENS AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY J. W. SHATZEL.

WAS Charles Dickens a friend to the Woman Movement? We hold that he was, at least in one important point—the natural, inalienable right of women (and men, too, by consequence) to their personal freedom and pursuit of happiness and virtue; and we found our persuasion of this fact on his beautiful story of the "Cricket by the Hearth," which may be justly termed a Gospel of Womanhood. When the noble-hearted Christlike compassion of John Peerybingle, the Carrier, prompted him, on his discovering, as he imagined, that the affections of little Dot, his gentle-spirited wife were fixed on another, to release her from her bondage to himself, can we doubt that his views of woman's rights were radically and fundamentally different from the conventional church-and-state view of this delicate subject? And when we find Dickens entering so earnestly and feelingly into this view of it, and portraying with such evident sympathy with it that holy contest and final Christian victory of the Carrier's that night by the Hearth, when the Cricket and the shadows and the creatures of his imagination held communing with his suffering spirit, and preached a nobler evangel of mercy and tenderness than we ever hear in the pulpit—can we avoid the conclusion that the inimitable author of this sacred story had very different ideas on the subject of matrimony and its right to imprison and torture through long life its unhappy victims (when, unfortunately, they chance to be cursed with those which the vast army of his orthodox and enthusiastic admirers are willing to entertain?

For instance, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or whoever may be happening to read the article, after you have read with delight and, as you fancy, with loving sympathy this pathetic story of the Cricket by the Hearth, and think, on the one hand, what a true, noble heart John Peerybingle was, and what a miserable scoundrel Tackleton was, on the other, ask yourself, had a similar test been applied to you as was applied to the Carrier, could you, would you have stood it as he did? Would you have entertained for a moment the idea of releasing *your* wife under those circumstances and recognized her right to the possession of herself? And yet this is just the lesson which your idolized novelist, Charles Dickens, seeks to inculcate in this charming little fiction. And yet the Carrier, noble-hearted and pitiful and tender as he was, and heroic as was the courage displayed in that victory over himself and his carnal nature, in the truest spiritual Christian warfare, after all, acted only in the plainest dictates of common sense. Setting aside the meanness and brutality of domineering over, frightening, and crushing his wife, in seeking to bend her to his private gratification and will, the clear judgment and sober reason that him the attempt could never succeed. The wreck of a woman which he would have left, after the "breaking into the barren" was completed, would be no longer a wife no longer that ideal being of love and sympathy and contentment and joy which every husband longs for in a partner who marries to obtain. There would be but ghastly skeleton in his household of after; and a rebuking conscience in his heart, convicting him of folly, sin, and cruelty. The quiet of his family would only like that dreary desolation which entails, and which the bitterest settlement terms a peace.

Remember in the story how Tackleton strove to chase down, like a brute which he had the right to seize and the poor girl whom one of those monstrous combinations of Providence that frequently occur threw for a time in his power. Do you want to reap such victory as he came near attaining? Then your author, Charles Dickens, is opposed to you, and you admire him in vain. There is no purpose. In holding up to scorn and detestation all such attempts, and the ungeneurous spirit prompting them, to step outside the matrimonial bond, as in Tackleton's case, or within it, as in the Carrier's, this sweet tale sings a song of ultimate redemption and triumph for humanity in this question of mating or marriage, in which we trust will prove itself a prophecy in the coming reconstructed ages. We cannot see that, true to his keynote of Nature in other and widely different spheres in his voluminous writings, Dickens places the first importance in the feelings of the heart, the gentle and loving emotions of the breast, and besides them values as comparatively trifling moment the mere external bond? Would May Fielding (such is our author's inevitable suggestion) be any less entitled to pity and to adequate protection had she happened to have found her lover, Edward Plummer, and till after her enforced marriage (and neglect it is society that authorizes such compulsory marriages) with her persecutor Tackleton? And would that jailor have been any less a jailor in that case, despite his legalized "lordship and mastery" over her? Dickens asks of us whether grief would have been lessened, or Tackleton's soul radically changed in its characteristics, by the fact that the union had been consummated by law and they were bound fast by society? He refers us to Nature, to our hearts, to common sense, and finally (for there is such a sentiment as votional spirit running through the throbbing prose itself that we are forced to this) to God our Maker and Lover; and then he leaves us to infer the keynote of the story, whether the present order of things—chaining by law or intimidation, or fraud, as is so commonly done, two inherently discordant beings together for the whole term of their lives which God gives them to use and to enjoy—their full possibilities in—is not a profanation of his spiritual law (the law which giveth life, *versus* the letter which killeth) and a desecration of the sacredness of humanity?

Suppose it had happened in this

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co., George Opdyke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Tanner & Co., Luther Kountze, Hatch & Foote, Caldwell & Co., Turner Brothers, Henry Clews & Co., White, Morris & Co., Gwynne, Johnson & Day, Gilman, Son & Co., Lawrence Bros. & Co., Condict & Co., Wm. P. Converse & Co., Utley & Dougherty, Thomas Denny & Co., and others, who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

CHEAPER THAN BEFORE THE WAR!

EPICURES, are you aware that you can enjoy the luxuries of the dessert at a much cheaper rate than ten years ago? Science has converted a wild product of the Irish Coast into an element of immeasurable dainties of the most wholesome, nutritious, and delicious character: and the price of this new staple is less by one-half than that of any other article of the same class, containing a like amount of nutriment. Need we say that SEA MOSS FARINE is the article referred to? The wealthy and enterprising New York Company engaged in its manufacture are entitled to the thanks of every philanthropist for introducing this new source of excellent and agreeable food, at a price which places it within the reach of all. One experiment will convince the most skeptical that with SEA MOSS FARINE they can produce unequaled custards, puddings, jellies, Charlottes, creams, sauces, etc., at less cost than before the war. The depot of the Company is at 53 Park Place, New York.

DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for Lung, Female, and Chronic Diseases, is indorsed by the first names of the country. For its advantages send for a circular.

DOUBLE PREMIUM.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

OUR readers will understand that Ritchie's popular and beautiful steel engravings of Grant and Colfax are still offered as premiums for new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, and will continue to be until further notice. Any old subscriber sending us a new name, with the money, $2.50, will receive as a reward for his services a *double set* of the above splendid engravings—one set for himself and the other set for the new subscriber. We have already given away nearly THIRTY THOUSAND, and still the orders are pouring in upon us from every quarter in greater numbers than ever before. Ritchie is doing his very best to keep up with the demand; but within a month past it has been impossible for him to print them as fast as called for. We are now ten days, or nearly two thousand copies, behind our registered orders.

We judge by the thousands of letters we are receiving that an average of *ten minutes time only* is required to obtain the one new subscriber necessary to get this *double premium*. Reader, have you made the ten minutes' effort to secure this gift? We want THE INDEPENDENT to go into every family in the nation. Will every one of our valued subscribers and friends help us in this matter? Our motto is, On to the Mississippi! on to the Rocky Mountains! and on to the Pacific! FORWARD, MARCH!

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

THIS splendid engraving given away for *every five dollars received from any one person*—either for two new subscribers, or one renewal for two years, or for a renewal for one year and one new subscriber.

This is one of the largest and most beautiful steel engravings ever presented to the public. As a holiday gift it is *unsurpassed*; and can be had, as above, practically for *nothing*.

HELP THE POOR!

READER, if you know of a poor, destitute family, dependent upon the needle for support, stir about and get them a sewing machine. Send us twenty-two new subscribers, and we will forward one of Grover & Baker's best. Such a present will furnish money, food, raiment, and a Happy New Year to the whole household.

MARRIED.

PEAKE—CUTHELL.—On Tuesday, June 21st, at the First Presbyterian church, Yonkers, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Seward, Wm. Peake, Jr., of New York, to Margaret C., only daughter of Thomas H. Cuthell, of Yonkers.

FLINT—HULL.—On Wednesday, June 22d, at the Church of the Holy Communion, by the Rev. F. E. Lawrence, D. D., Josiah D. Flint and Mary H., daughter of Joseph D. Hull.

DIED.

WARNER.—At Jacksonville, Fla., Sunday, June 19th, Mrs. Elizabeth Webster, wife of Rev. J. R. Warner, of Jacksonville, and daughter of Daniel Mason, of Bristol, N. H.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

TOP LABEL: WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO. 30 0 0 — BOTTOM LABEL: SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD

New SIX Cord

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Weed Sewing Machine Company.

HARTFORD, August 29th, 1868.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED SPOOL COTTON in various ways—using it in "tension" and inspecting our Machine at the Factory, displaying Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the demands from our wholesale and retail trade: in short, using and placing it in every requirement; and now take pleasure in saying that we neither expect nor desire to find its superior, as that which you furnish us answers every want, whether for strength, smoothness or uniformity.

Yours, very respectfully, S. L. CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company,

NEW YORK, January 15th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines. FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Machine Folded Steam Pressed Shirt Fronts, 326 Broadway.

NEW YORK, September 16th, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—We have given your Six Cord Thread a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES, the severest test a Thread can be put to, and it runs to our entire satisfaction. In our estimation, it possesses all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO. 101 Chambers St.,

SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

Use JOHN DWIGHT & CO.'S BEST SALERATUS or their SUPER CARB. SODA. No others are equal to these for cooking purposes. Established 1846.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

96 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

INTEREST allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums. Deposits draw interest from the first of January, April, July, and October. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.

WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.

VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

THE DYING BODY SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making*, elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric or heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or engrafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted family complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative power of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphiloid diseases; but it is the most positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Bowels regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to void and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists.

Composite IRON WORKS Co.

IRA HUTCHINSON, Prest. ISAAC CHASE, Vice-Prest.

(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.)

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

Patent Composite Iron Work,

GATES,

RAILINGS,

GUARDS, ETC.,

IMPROVED WIRE-WORK,

FOR BANK COUNTER AND OFFICE RAILINGS, LAWN, COTTAGE, AND FARM FENCES.

ORNAMENTAL WORK

IN

Iron, Zinc, and Bronze.

Vases, Fountains, Statuary, Iron Furniture. Stable Fittings, Etc.

109 MERCER ST., near PRINCE ST., NEW YORK.

A PROFITABLE AND Safe Investment.

7 PER CENT. TOWN BONDS

IN SOMERSET AND UNION COUNTIES, NEW JERSEY, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000. For sale at 85 by

PARKER & LAWRENCE,

Bankers, No. 1 Wall St.

LAWRENCE BROS. & CO.,

BANKERS,

No. 18 WALL STREET, N. Y.

The **Combination** of a central location for business with a quiet and retired home is afforded by the addition of forty suites of rooms to the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON. Travelers will find this hotel one of the best in the land.

£150,000,000

Sterling in Money and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600.

Gun's Index to Advertisements for Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, Legatees, and cases of unclaimed money (Part 5, containing upward of 5,000 names), price 15 cents. JOHN HOGG & CO., No. 41 Park Row, New York City.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

gently facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to Your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article nearly thirty years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine: NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. NEVER did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. Be sure to call for

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

OBLIGATIONS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

WAYNE COUNTY TWENTY-YEAR 7 PER CENT. BONDS.

REGISTERED BY THE STATE AUDITOR.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE TO BE COLLECTED AND PAID BY THE

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

THE TREASURER OF THE STATE writes as follows:

"The whole machinery for paying interest and principal of these Bonds is exactly the same provided for paying any debt of the State of Illinois.

The Six per Cent. Bonds of the State of Illinois are received at par in exchange for these Bonds.

Apply to

Gilman, Son & Co.,

47 EXCHANGE PLACE, N. Y.

7 Per Cent. GOLD INTEREST

(FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX)

First Mortgage SINKING FUND BONDS OF THE WEST WISCONSIN RAILROAD CO.,

Fifteen Years to Run from January, 1870, and Convertible into Stock at Par.

LAND GRANT OF OVER 1,000,000 ACRES FREE FROM TAXES

upon which, together with the Road and all its property, these Bonds are a first Mortgage.

EXEMPTED FROM TAXES UPON ITS LANDS FOR 15 YEARS.

70 MILES FINISHED AND RUNNING,

from which income is derived, with rapidly-increasing

An air-line from St. Paul to Milwaukee and Chicago. These lands estimated worth $6,000,000. Total amount of mortgage, $4,000,000. The price is 90 and accrued interest. The coupons are payable January and July. Pamphlets, with full particulars and map, can be obtained at the office of

White, Morris & Co.

BANKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE COMPANY,

NO. 29 WALL STREET, New York.

7 Per Cent. Gold

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

(FREE OF U. S. TAX)

OF THE

Burlington, Cedar Rapids, and Minnesota Railroad Co.

A limited quantity for sale

At 90 and INTEREST.

INTEREST PAYABLE MAY AND NOVEMBER.

J. EDGAR THOMSON, } Trustees.
CHARLES L. FROST, }

These bonds have 53 years to run, are convertible at the option of the holder into the stock of the Company at par, and the payment of the Principal is provided for by a sinking fund.

The greater part of the road is already completed and shows large earnings, and the balance of the work is rapidly progressing.

We unhesitatingly recommend these Bonds as the safest and best investment in the market.

U. S. Five Twenties, at present prices, only return five per cent. interest, while these pay eight and one-quarter per cent. in Gold; and we regard the security equally good.

The Company reserve the right without notice to advance the price.

HENRY CLEWS & CO.,

BANKERS,

32 Wall St., N. Y.

EIGHT PER CENT. BONDS

OF THE

COUNTIES OF GRUNDY AND MERCER, STATE OF MISSOURI.

Interest Payable January and July, in New York, at NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.

The Railroad for which these Bonds are issued has just been leased by a branch of the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, and will be finished and running by early spring.

Entire indebtedness of each county $200,000, being about one-fourth of the taxable property of each, on which there remains at this date unsold but about $30,000 of each county, which we still offer at "85 and accrued interest."

Further particulars furnished by application at our office.

GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,

16 WALL STREET.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

Luther Kountze,

52 WALL STREET, New York.

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS.

COLLECTIONS made throughout the United States and Territories, the British Provinces, and Europe.

ORDERS for the **PURCHASE** or **SALE** of **GOLD.**

GOVERNMENT BONDS and other **SECURITIES** executed for the usual commission.

CITY, STATE and **RAILROAD LOANS** negotiated.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

We Buy and Sell Government Bonds, and receive the Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.

FISK & HATCH,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

Chicago, Cincinnati AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD

7 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

FOR SALE BY

CALDWELL & CO., No. 27 Wall St.;

J. A. UNDERWOOD & SON, No. 18 Exchange Place.

BANKING HOUSE OF GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,

No. 16 Wall st., New York.

Special attention given to the negotiation of Corporate Loans, such as first-class City and County Bonds, and Bonds of Railroads under course of construction.

Gold, Governments, and other Securities bought and sold on commission.

Interest allowed on deposits

COMPLETION OF THE ST. LOUIS AND ST. JOSEPH R. R. IN JULY.

The grading has all been done. A few small bridges to be finished, and a few miles of track to be laid.

THOROUGH TRAINS will run in July from St. Joseph to Lexington, there connecting with the North Missouri Railroad for St. Louis.

These two roads form a grand Trunk Line through the State of Missouri, and open close communication between St. Joseph and St. Louis, the two principal cities of the State.

The St. Louis and St. Joseph Railroad has issued One Million ($1,000,000) Dollars First Mortgage six per cent. Gold Bonds, all of which have been negotiated, save a balance of $140,000.

The mortgage IS ONLY $13,841 per mile.

Interest payable May and November, in Gold, at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., New York.

The interest is GUARANTEED by the North Missouri Railroad Company.

For further particulars apply at the

BANKING HOUSE

OF

Luther Kountze,

52 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

A CHOICE SECURITY.

Eight per cent. Gold.

THE BALANCE OF THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000,

BY THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY Railroad Company.

In denominations of **$1,000** and **$500**, coupon or registered, with Interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in **GOLD**, free of United States Taxes, in New York or Europe. The Bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York, in **GOLD**. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these Bonds is at the rate of $13,500 per mile; covers a completed road for every Bond issued, and is a first and **ONLY** mortgage. This line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney, will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital

Stock of..... **$10,000,000**

And a grant of Land from Congress of 1,600,000 acres, valued, at the lowest estimate, at..... **8,000,000**

First Mortgage Bonds..... **1,500,000**

Total..... **$19,500,000**

Total length of road, **271** miles; distance included in this Mortgage, **111** miles; price, **97 1-2** and accrued interest, **IN CURRENCY.** Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also pamphlets, maps, and information relating thereto. These Bonds, being so well secured and yielding a large income, are desirable to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments. We recommend them with entire confidence.

Tanner & Co.,

FISCAL AGENTS,

No. 49 Wall Street, New York.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,

COMMERCIAL AGENTS,

No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

FOR SALE.

St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute 10 per cent. Mortgage Equipment Bonds, 95 and Interest.

Belleville & Southern Illinois 8 per cent. 1st Mortgage Bonds, Guaranteed Principal and Interest, 90 and interest.

Cedar Falls and Minnesota 1st Mortgage 7 per cent Bonds (road leased by the Illinois Central R. R. Co.), 85 and interest.

Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw 2d Mortgage 7 per cent. Bonds, 70 and interest, and relatively the cheapest bonds in the market.

All other railroad bonds furnished at current market rates. We are exceedingly able to furnish bonds that are offered on subscription at less than subscription prices. Financial Circulars furnished gratuitously to customers.

THOMAS DENNY & CO.,

BANKERS,

39 Wall street.

U. S. Trust Company

49 WALL STREET.

FIRST FLOOR

Capital and Surplus - - - **$2,000,000.**

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

which may be made and withdrawn at any time and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.

WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

TRUSTEES

PETER COOPER, EDWIN D. MORGAN,
D. H. ARNOLD, CLINTON GILBERT,
ROBERT H. MCCURDY, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR.,
DANIEL S. MILLER, DANIEL D. LORD,
JAMES SUTHAM, EDWARD JONES,
THOMAS SLOCOMB, GEORGE T. ADEE,
SHEPHERD KNAPP, SAMUEL SLOAN,
JOHN J. PHELPS, JAMES LOW,
R. P. WHEELWRIGHT, CYRUS CURTISS,
CHARLES E. BILL, SAMUEL NELSON,
WILLIAM TUCKER, ERASTUS CORNING,
WILSON G. HUNT, JAMES S. SEYMOUR,
WILLIAM R. DODGE. JOHN CASWELL.

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

Vermilye & Co.,

BANKERS,

Nos. 16 & 18 Nassau st.,

Dealers in a ssues of Government Securities and in Cold and Gold Coupons.

BUY AND SELL ON COMMISSION

Railway Stocks, Bonds, and Gold,

MAKING LIBERAL ADVANCES.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

CEO. OPDYKE & Co.,

BANKERS,

NO. 25 NASSAU STREET,

offer for sale the following desirable securities:

NEW YORK, OSWEGO, AND MIDLAND RAILROAD first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, free of Government tax, principal and interest payable in gold. Price par and accrued interest in currency.

MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAILROAD first mortgage, 8 per cent. bonds. Price 85 and accrued interest.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured Bonds, and upon application full information will be furnished.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

PARIS, 1867.

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The Independent.

SUNSET.

BY CYNTHIA HENSHAW.

The Earth in breathless silence waits
The promise of Night's soft caress;
For Day hath closed the amber gates
Behind him, and with regal grace,
In robes of royal splendor drest,
Walks slowly down the glowing West.

The vapory clouds dissolve in flecks,
Like waifs borne upward by the breeze,
And strew the purple heaven like wrecks
Of phantom ships on shoreless seas,
Which plunge and float as fitful gales
Play wanton with their rifted sails.

A filmy veil hangs lightly o'er
The tranquil surface of the stream,
Which gives the outline of the shore
The shadowy vagueness of a dream,
Blending in soft obscurity
The placid deep and bending sky.

Weird, ghostly specters moan along
The darkening arches of the wood,
And sudden bursts of joeund song
Steal out amid the solitude,
Borne onward with the ebb and flow
Of winds that idly come and go.

And down among the garden-beds
The languid blossoms, dew-besprent,
Bow sleepily their shining heads
Beneath the arching firmament,
As though its vast and starlit dome
Was but a curtain for their home.

Sweet summer eve, so clear and calm!
Bright sunset hues, so warm and fair!
Fresh, falling dew and breath of balm,
Diffused like incense through the air!
Deep sky, with bright stars studded o'er—
What can I ask or wish for more?

Oh, heart of mine! from thee must come
The answer which my lips deny.
Oh, vacant places in my home!
Oh, loving voices hushed for aye!
I do not ask or wish—I know
This balmy air, this sunset glow,

The slumberous voices of the night,
The insect's hum, the wood-bird's strain,
The cheery smile of morning light
Can never gladden these again;
And, therefore, in my soul must be
A void earth cannot fill for me.

THE INDIAN AND THE CELT.

BY. E. N. LAMONT.

It was in the dark days of Scottish history that Malcolm Canmore, then king of Scotland, transferred his royal court from the Highlands to the Lowlands, and the sepulcher of its kings from the sacred soil of Iona to the Abbey of Dunfermline. From that period (1066) to the year 1748, when hereditary jurisdiction became abolished, the social problem which agitated that barren and unfruitful soil was the subjugation of Celtic pride and the civilization of a warlike race. Divided by natural boundaries of river and mountain from their Lowland brethren, the barrier which existed between these two races was as wide and distinct as that between the White Man and the Indian. There is no people who present a more interesting picture than the Scottish Highlanders. Springing from the stock which peopled Scandinavia and the "Green Island," they led a life of rude and lawless freedom. War was their glory, depredation no crime, and personal valor the test of every virtue. Like the Indian tribes, they lived in septs or clans, organized by men whose valor had conquered lands and whose name had founded races. The chief was paramount. His will was law, whether engaged in war with a neighboring clan or a raid upon Lowland pastures. He was the supreme judge and arbiter in all cases, civil and religious; and the devotion of these clans to their chieftain amounted almost to idolatry. It was not the devotion of the feudal system, where vassals who held lands of their superior fought for him in virtue of that tenure. It was a personal pride, which led each clansman to regard himself as part and parcel of a great family, whose honor was upon his shield and whose battle-cry was music to his ear. The chieftainship was hereditary; not descending, according to the Scottish law of succession, as it now exists, from father to son, but from brother to brother. The Tanist was the heir apparent, or nearest male agnate. The Ceantighes were the heads of septs, and the chief of the Ceantighes was called the "Toisich," or oldest Cadet. This was a very honorable post, as he headed the van in battle and was also the "Maor" or collector of the revenue. The Duinewassels were the nobility or gentry of the clan. Then came the Tacksmen, or gentlemen-farmers, so called in Scotland to this day, and the rank and file or retainers. This composed the household of a Scottish clan; and, as no people in the world were and are more "touchy" in the matter of precedence, it formed a very important line of demarcation in their primitive government. Tilling the soil was little known, and indolence and squalor, as they always do where war is the occupation of a people, became the natural result. It was not until the "fiery cross," with its torch and its blood-stained cloth, went flying along the margin of the lake, or lighted up the "misty mountain-tops," that the untamed clansman, arrayed in his kilt, his targe, and his trusty claymore, arose to the dignity of a warrior and a brave. It was then that he stood upon his native heath, proud of his name, his matchless strength, and his devoted clan. To die by the side of his chief was glory enough for him, and instances of his devotion are as numerous as the legends of the Rhine. "Another for Hector!" cried the brave band of seven brothers, as one by one they fell for Sir Hector Maclean at the battle of Inverkeithing. There are three qualities of heart which seem invariably to accompany a state of isolation from knowledge—love, hatred, and revenge; and these three qualities belonged peculiarly to the Scottish Highlanders. To a neighboring clan, with whom a feud existed, there was but one feeling—"Blood, Iago; blood!" It was the legacy bequeathed from sire to son; and the old dying Highlander whose last words were, "Donald, be a good man, and say yer prayers, and obey the chief; but, if ye forgive Sandy Macalpine, my curse be upon ye," spoke the words of his race. There are records of feuds existing for years between the clans. So long and so bitterly did one of those feuds rage between the Phersons and the Davidsons that in the year 1396 King Robert the IIId sent the Earls of Moray and Crawford, and commanded that a combat, composed of thirty on each side, should be fought upon the Inch of Perth. This combat laid the foundation for Sir Walter Scott's inimitable story of "The Fair Maid of Perth." The combatants met on the appointed day, and it was discovered that one member of the Phersons through fear had swam the Tay and disappeared. It was proposed that the Davidsons should surrender one of their number; to which they peremptorily refused. This was on the point of breaking up the contest, when a blacksmith, called "Hal of the Wynd" volunteered his services. He was a strong, brawny fellow, and did noble service for the Phersons. The combat raged long and fiercely, and was only brought to a close by twenty-nine of the Davidsons being slain. The thirtieth, finding how things were going, thought discretion the better part of valor, and very wisely took to his heels and fled to the shelter of his native glen.

The wild mountain scenery, the beautiful lakes, the unfruitful soil, the lawless clash in which they lived, all combined to tinge the manners and customs, the songs and superstitions of a romantic people. The wild prose poems of Ossian, and the Gaelic ballads, with their tales of love and heroic legend, are all that live to tell us of the glorious days of Highland minstrelsy. Farming and the arts were in the most primitive condition; and even to this day, in some of the far-away districts, instruments are used which would astonish even the farmer of the Far West. Those who have lived among the Indians and are familiar with the habits and customs of the ancient Highlanders cannot fail to have observed many peculiarities possessed by both in common. The stolid indifference to fear; the love and reverence for the sun and natural objects; the superstitious awe of "spirits of air and goblins damned"; that strangely picturesque and poetical imagery which likens heroes and places to the sublime and beautiful; that lofty air of pride; that hatred for a hostile tribe; that admiration and respect for bravery; that supremely aristocratic contempt for hard work; that constitutional inclination to acquire the property of a more thrifty neighbor by a gallant raid, rather than await the peaceful cultivation of their own—in these and many other points there is a peculiar similarity. The wild music, the love of strange and motley colors. The Highlander did not paint his face; but he prided himself upon the colors in his tartan, just as much as the Indian on his war-paint. In many qualities of head and heart there is, of course, a wide difference. In nobility of soul and moral courage the crafty Indian is far beneath the Celt. The Indian at bay is often a coward; the Highlander, as a race, never! His soul was as noble as his arm was strong. He never forgave, and his hatred would have warmed the heart of Dr. Johnson. He never tortured the women and children, nor gloated over a fallen enemy. His were the frailties of untutored nobility. His intellect was keen, his imagination brilliant; and to those who understand the Gaelic tongue there is no poetry in ancient or modern verse, not even the Persian, which rises to higher flights of tender beauty or lofty sublimity. There are points of resemblance, however, between the Celt and the Indian quite sufficient to allow an analogy between the present condition of the one and the possible future of the other. The Indian is intelligent—cunning, if you will; but intelligence in civilization is either ferocity or cunning in barbarity. The educated Indian is a man of noble parts. Many have risen to dignity and honor. Their daughters, when educated, have oftentimes proved themselves as accomplished and graceful as their fairer sisters.

As we glance at the history of Scotland during those stormy times when even civilization itself was barbarous, and war to a certain extent the pursuit of Lowlands as well as Highlands, we mark step by step the breaking down of barriers which divided the light from the darkness. It was no doubt after years of bloodshed and misery that the fate of the unfortunate Pretender struck a deathblow at Celtic lawlessness. A life of useless and aimless dreaming became a life of useful and productive industry. There is no Highlander so "touchy" but must admit the truth of the old milestone: "If you had seen these roads before they were made, you would lift up your hands and bless General Wade." Gradually step by step came the well-made road, the Southern plow, the arts of peace; and away among these heather wilds, where nought had echoed save the war-cry of the clans or the scream of the eagle, went the voice of God, until the psalm was heard upon the evening air and the prayer upon the rugged mountain-side. And what a change does the modern tourist find in the Highlands of to-day. Gone in the "clachan" are the targe and spear; the war-cry sounds no more; and the glories of the Lords of the Isles—the Macleans and the Campbells—are marked but by the cairn in the rugged glen or the sculptured figure in the "Relic Oran" of I. Colm Kill. The Highlander of modern days, with his hardy energy and penetrating intellect, is a leader in the armies of his country, in its church, and in its senate. To a Highland officer, Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), was given the honor of being the only man of lowly birth who ever wielded the field marshal's baton of England. The MacCallummore, whose name was a tower of strength and a terror in the Isles, now pens from his library in Inverary Castle "the reign of law"; and no relic now remains of the vast power of the Campbells, but the trophies which adorn the armory of that noble castle. Clanship is at an end, save that the pride which once woke the war-cry still slumbers in the breast of a nobleman or hereditary chief, to be called forth alone against the enemies of their common country. The name remains. The power has fled. Even the Celtic tongue has almost disappeared, except in the far-away Western Hebrides: and, although many exertions are being made by ministers and societies to keep up an interest in this ancient language, it bids fair to yield at last to the modernizing spirit of the age. It is still preached from the pulpit to a limited extent; but, to all intents and purposes, as a branch of literature, it is as dead as the Latin tongue. You can find fifty good Latin scholars in Scotland for one Gaelic one. "The garb of old Gane" may still be seen upon a few Highland regiments, on the little shepherd boy, on the children of the rich, on the gentleman at a Highland gathering, or the spindleshanks of some would-be "Sassenach" sportsman; but from Highlandmen as an every-day garb it is gone. And the bagpipes, that wild music of the mountain, save in the Highland regiments, at a "gathering," or in the court-yard of nobility, its wail has ceased.

The recent Indian massacre has caused men seriously to think whether our policy toward the Indian is based upon firm and philosophical principles. The world has changed since Scotland brought her warlike children to the ways of peace. We have many advantages in travel and enlightenment since then. Cannot our philosophy teach us a better cure for savage ignorance than extermination? Is there no other agent within our grasp? We have one grand quality of the savage heart to build upon—honesty. Strange as it may appear, it would seem that the more civilization advances, and the savage loses his natural ferocity, the more does he lose his native simplicity. No sooner does gold touch his palm, and the fire-water his stomach than brightness leaves the eagle eye, and craft and the love of money take its place. Take the Irishman from his native turf, and place him in a corner grocery in Brooklyn, and in a very short time his wit has turned to money getting and his native politeness to political scheming. He has gained in cuteness—lost in simplicity. We must, therefore, in dealing with the Indian, remember one grand principle—that he is a child, and treat him accordingly. We should act as though he were a charge placed in our hands by the Almighty, to be trained and guided by our superior advantages to a knowledge of the truth. Where we cannot by gentle means correct him, use force; firmness with kindness can do much. We may, by fair dealing, by consistency, by exhibiting our superior knowledge, by treating him as an intelligent if darkened being, humanize and bring him to the footstool of light. He is a savage, but a brother. Whatever may be said about our superior intelligence and right of conquest, his foot was native to the soil, and God would not have placed him there without a purpose. Where he has been wronged, his blood lies at the white man's door, and the Rebellion came to wipe away the stain. Wisdom and forethought can bring about the end. Cruelty and extermination may do so; but, oh! at what a sacrifice of honor and humanity. What a blackening record for eternity! What a blot upon the face of free and civilized America!

Scotland tamed and humanized her warlike children. May not we profit by the lesson? The Pacific Railroad (prophetic be its name) will do more to bring to a knowledge of God and the Bible (which, as Père Hyacinthe dared to tell the Catholic Church, is the secret of national success) than all the soldiers, the legislation, the stealing, and the sham treaties of the last fifty years. England holds her sway in India. The swarthy sons of Oude are silent and war is hushed on the Punjaub. She has sent her reeking Sepoys from the cannon's mouth. But there is a day of reckoning coming, when the hot blood of India shall boil upon the urns of her broken temples and the lion shall crouch beneath the fury of the tiger. God is just; and, as sure as he will punish men for sin, so sure will he visit the sins of nations upon their children. The day may be far off, but it will come. Let us, therefore, on the threshold of history, temper our strides with mercy, sheath the sword save at the call of justice, and save our flag from shame and lasting dishonor.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Where has she been? Ten winters' snows have drifted
Over that baby grave, so small, so low;
Ten summers' grasses have their green plumes lifted.
Where is she now?

What does she do, in that mysterious region
Beyond the illimitable, far-off blue?
Beyond the snowy cloudlets' wandering legion
What *can* she do?

What is she like, our little three-years blessing?
Have the short rings upon her forehead fair
Lengthened to curls, her maiden form caressing,
In that bright air?

Say, was she lonely, just a single moment,
Amid the heavenly children at their play?
Did she remember us she loved so dearly
A single day?

Who is her teacher, thou, dear household Angel,
Whose radiant image rises through our tears?
Hast thou the baby footsteps watched and tended
All these long years?

Is it thy hand she holds, as she is singing
All the sweet hours the wide, bright gardens through?
Is it thy voice that chimes amid her singing
Like drops of dew?

Oh, idle questions. Dearest Lord and Saviour,
Thine arms received her in her childish glee,
And the blest hope that whispers of her living
Is born of thee.

It is enough. Within thy care enfolded,
More than we dare to dream or ask to know
Is hers. We rest upon the gracious promise,
And leave her so.

Trusting the Love that shields its own forever,
Believing we shall find our child again,
And questioning not the wherefore or the whether,
The how or when.

NATIONAL PENITENTIARY AND REFORMATORY CONGRESS.

BY E. C. WINES,
Cor. Secretary of the N. Y. Prison Association.

The writer has recently received the two following letters from Florence Nightingale:

LONDON, May 23d, 1870.

Sir:—Permit me—as a woman so overwhelmed with business and with illness that she feels all the more, while all the less able to express, her value for your kindness and that of the "Committee of Arrangements"—to ask you to express to them in my name my gratitude for their invitation to attend the "National Penitentiary and Reformatory Congress to be held at Cincinnati in September." Incurable illness, which has chained me to my room for years, alone prevents me from making the attempt to break through incessant business and accept this kind invitation.

If possible (but I am afraid that it may not be possible) I will write and send a short paper, according to the second branch of your invitation, on "Restitution as an Element in Criminal Punishment," and gladly contribute my small atom to your invaluable work. Pray believe me, sir,

Ever your faithful servant,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

LONDON, May 28th, 1870.

Sir:—Since I wrote the enclosed, I have received your second letter, dated May 9th, "electing" me a "corresponding member of your Prison Association."

I cannot make up my mind to decline the kindness, both on account of the honor done me and of the great interest which I take in your most important subject—Criminal Reformation; for which, after all, so little has been done in England.

The conquests of the world in practical science, in commerce and manufactures, in means of communication, have been in the last thirty years those of giants. Can we say the same of our systems of government, of moral and social science, of education, of our management of paupers and criminals?

But I must again express my hope that, if I accept the honor you have done me, you will kindly remember how overweighted I am, and that as a "*corresponding*" member I am, from sad necessity, almost useless.

Pray convey my earnest thanks to your Association, and believe me, sir,

Ever your faithful servant,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

It will be seen from these letters of this noble woman ("noble" not by any royal patent, but by the broad seal of Heaven itself) that she is at once a great worker and a great sufferer. Her "incurable illness" will be regretted by Americans, chiefly no doubt for her own and humanity's sake, but partly, also, because we now know that, but for this, she would "break through incessant business," and visit our shores, where she would receive a welcome such as would not be accorded to the highest rank or title; for her friends and lovers here—not *admirers* merely—are numbered by the million. It is, at least, a pleasure to hope that we shall be favored with a paper from her heart and pen, to be read at the great gathering in Cincinnati next fall, called for the promotion of one of the high interests of humanity and civilization; for, "if possible" (let us pray that it may be "possible"), she pledges herself to give us her views on "Restitution as an Element in Criminal Punishment"; a subject which she has pondered deeply, and on which she is known to hold decided convictions.

But Miss Nightingale is not the only European who will contribute to the interest, instruction, and usefulness of the Cincinnati Congress on Penitentiary and Reformatory Discipline. The Hill family, of England, who take so deep an interest and are such earnest workers in all the philanthropic movements of the age, will be large contributors thereto. Mr. Commissioner M. D. Hill, who was for forty years recorder of Birmingham, will furnish a paper setting forth and enforcing his favorite idea of substituting, in the case of persons convicted of crime, indefinite sentences—sentences to continue till satisfactory proof of reformation is afforded, in the place of sentences measured by the mere lapse of time. Mr. Edwin Hill, of London, will contribute an essay on his no less favorite and certainly most plausible theory that habitual criminals—thieves, burglars, etc.—are absolutely dependent on the co-operation of certain capitalists—owners of dwellings, buyers of stolen property, criminal instrument makers, etc.—and that, consequently, the class of habitual criminals may be well nigh extinguished by striking down the capitalists, and thus destroying the essential condition of their successful prosecution of crime. Miss Joanna Margaret Hill, daughter of the former, will discourse on the "boarding out of pauper children as an agency in the diminution of crime"; a subject to which she has devoted much study, and in reference to which she has, by her writings, made a profound impression upon the public opinion of her own country. Miss Mary Carpenter, author of "Our Convicts," and superintendent of the Red Lodge Reformatory at Bristol, the most distinguished female philanthropist of the age, will send a paper on "the pecuniary responsibility of parents for the full or partial support of their children while inmates of juvenile reformatories," in which will be given the results of European experience in the application of this principle. Sir Walter Crofton, author of the far-famed "Irish Prison System," promises to instruct as to what principles are essential to that system, and what may be eliminated without materially impairing its efficiency. Colonel Henderson, head of the London Police, will give his views on the subject of habitual criminals, and the best mode of dealing with them; while A. Angus Croll, Esq., late high sheriff of London, will favor us with an account of recent efforts for the improvement of prison discipline in the British metropolis.

The Continent will also furnish its full proportion of instruction for the enlightenment of the Cincinnati Congress. Baron Franz Von Holtzendorff, professor of law in the University of Berlin, Prussia, who has the broadest and most intimate knowledge of any man living on the subject of European prisons, gained not from books, but actual inspection, will give us a birds-eye view of the present state of the prison question in Europe. M. Frederic Braun, inspector of prisons in Denmark, promises a paper on the prisons and prison system of that country. M. Bonneville de Marsangy, author of the great work on the "Amelioration of the Criminal Law" and the most eminent criminal jurist of France, will favor us with an account of his own great invention of the *Casiers Judiciaires* (Criminal Registers) by which the antecedents—the full criminal biography—of every person previously convicted of crime are recorded and can be ascertained in a few moments on any subsequent trial. M. A. Corne, a Frenchman, profoundly versed in criminal questions, will prove to the congress that, since personal liberty is a right as respectable as the right of property, it is the duty of society to indemnify the citizen who has been unjustly imprisoned, as it indemnifies the citizen from whom it has taken his house or his field for some public use. M. Demetz, the illustrious founder and for thirty years the successful conductor of the reformatory institution of Mettray, promises to give us the result of the labors of the commission instituted by the Emperor to study and report on the duty of the state to liberated convicts, and the best means of saving them from relapsing into crime. And, finally, Signor M. Beltrani Scolia, inspector-general of prisons in Italy, a gentleman of the broadest study and experience in prison matters, will give his views as to the questions proper to be considered in an international congress on penitentiary and reformatory discipline.

Miss Nightingale, in one of her letters quoted above, speaks of the stupendous material progress made in the last thirty years, contrasting it with the comparatively small progress made in government, education, moral and social science, and the management of paupers and criminals. It is quite true, as Miss N. suggests, that the last thirty, yes, the last fifty years have been remarkable for inventions, discoveries, and developments in the realm of the physical sciences; but there is reason to hope that the next fifty years will witness progress no less wonderful in the investigation and development of the more recondite moral forces in ascertaining the hidden impulses of sin, and in discovering and applying the most humane and effective methods of dealing with the criminal. To the solution of these grave and perplexing problems much of the best thought of the age is now directed, and there is promise of a rich harvest therefrom.

Book Table.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

I hope there are not many readers of The Independent who have not read at least one of the three English translations* which make our knowledge of Björnson, the Norwegian tale-teller. Not often can we single out a writer who has struck so new and perfect a path.

Our million-teeming press blows far and wide its multitudinous sheets; but the books we care to remember and reread (by some merciful provision, perhaps, to save time) are delightfully few. And, if you apply Mr. Emerson's rule of reading to buying, and wait a year, even these few may be winnowed again. If it were not so, what could you do with the bulky catalogues, book-buyers' circulars, and bulletins with which the publishers manage to reach your crowded desk? My pencil goes down their pages to give, only at far intervals, the purchasing-mark.

In speaking specially of Björnson, I wish to make his books an exception to those titles which daily flame from the publishers' columns. He has stepped at once into a new place, and made it his own. Or, if it is not a new world into which we are introduced, we find the old one enveloped in a new atmosphere; and it assumes, under his touch, an almost fairy significance. It may be said that much of this freshness and simplicity come from the really little we know of Norway, and the latent power in a simple theme simply treated. I think something like this has been urged; but, when you refer the genius of an author, in this broad way, to the choice and treatment of a topic, you have rather asserted than explained it. Good, choice, and happy execution are what define for us all excellence of which art or authorship is capable.

I have spoken of Björnson as a story-teller; but he is a poet, too—as much so as if he had dealt directly with the accessories of verse. The little bursts of song which are scattered through "Arne" are well done, and very sweet in their place; but I do not include his lyrical quality in these. The author knows his limitations, and can take the mould which fits him best. Carrying his art into prose, it is still poetic, and there is hardly a page in "Arne" and "The Happy Boy" that is not as perfect as if it were a summer idyl. The two publishing houses which have given us these books (as well as "The Fisher-Maiden") have put us under no common obligation in confiding them to translators who seem to have been faithful and who have not worked merely at rival speed.

"Arne" is as delicious a story as any fairy tale can be or ever was. Without shirking the plain, prosaic conditions of genuine human life, it yet constantly appeals to our imagination—as the June landscape at sunset intimates the Fortunate Isles beyond. Its glimpses into human nature are as true as Shakespeare's. I think this one little passage (and many similar ones abound through his pages) crystallizes an experience and a trait that every observing boy will easily recognize:

"So Arne came to the party, and was nearly the only young man among the many girls. Such fun as was there Arne had never seen before in all his life; and one thing which especially astonished him was, that the girls laughed for nothing at all. If three laughed, then five would laugh, just because those three laughed. Altogether, they behaved as if they had lived with each other all their lives; and yet there were several of them who had never met before that very day. When they had caught the bough which they jumped after, they laughed; and when they did not catch it, they laughed also. When they did not find any nuts, they laughed because they found none; and when they did find some, they also laughed. They fought for the nutting-book. Those who got it laughed, and those who did not get it laughed also. Godfather limped after them, trying to beat them with his stick, and making all the mischief he was good for. Those he hit laughed because he hit them, and those he missed laughed because he missed them. But the whole lot laughed at Arne because he was so grave; and when, at last, he could not help laughing, they all laughed again because he laughed."

"The Fisher-Maiden" is more ambitious in style, and suffers a little in comparison with the other two, by being burdened somewhat with a moral. But the didacticism, as our English-preaching morals go, is hardly worth mentioning. Indeed, its mild defense of the drama is not formal nor obtrusive at all. On the contrary, it is insinuated with much delicacy; but it is present, and the story does not, therefore, so sweetly sing itself as those which have no other concern than their own natural unfolding. But the strong breeziness of some of its characters—notably the heroine and her mother, Gunlang—will commend it to those who are more moved by a stern purpose than by simple idyllic beauty.

There may be readers who will detect a slight flavor of Hans Christian Andersen in these books. I suppose every writer, the most individual, suggests somebody; and, if our author gives us a reminiscence, it may come as near to Andersen as to any one. Both are simple, and have a liking for their northern life, and are expert story-tellers. But Björnson is more rigidly continent and crisp, and does not rely upon magical plots and the faculty of wonder. In reading Andersen, you feel more than half the time as if you were sitting in the schoolmaster's or nurse's lap. Björnson talks as naturally as if there were no other way than his to unburden himself, and in forgetfulness of the grade or character of his hearers.

In forthright honesty of style he has set an example to his craft that the world could not thank him too much for, if there was any likelihood it would be followed. He knows how to say just enough, and make a few simple strokes in the picture tell. It has the ease of good writing throughout. He evidently confides in the reader's aptness, and believes he may leave many things to suggestion without risk. Hence, we find him always saying the right thing at the right time and in the right way, and leaving off when the chapter is done. The very first page of "The Happy Boy"—and of "Arne," too—affords a marked illustration of the pure sufficiency of a few words. The chapter of correspondence between Oeyvind, Marit, and the schoolmaster is not only *naïve* and unique, but has a pathetic tenderness that almost moistens the eyes.

How long we shall continue to like stories like these, when their newness has worn off and their slender framework is exposed, I do not assume to say. But for the present they make a pleasant transition from the highly-spiced literature so much in demand. Their simplicity and freshness, their delicate shading of color, abounding pathos, subtle insight of moods and character, and dainty reserve in expression, must win them, as fast as they become known, a welcome under many roofs. They are not for the old alone, nor merely for the young; they weave their spell around the whole family-circle.

In no way, too, and by no writer have the sanctities of religion been so tenderly expressed. Their presence subverts the very texture of "The Happy Boy," without the least impertinence of pietistic cant, and falls like a soothing benediction. The freedom and buoyancy of life, however, is nowhere checked; and Sunday relaxation, the social dance, and the cup of ale do not seem—in Norway, at least—to interfere with the fullest duty to God and man.

We are told that this author is about thirty-eight years of age, is the son of a clergyman, and has written many plays for the stage. For the rest we must turn to the portrait, which, we confess, disappoints at first blush our expectations of the man; but it shows a good eye, and the possibilities of genius lurk about the curves and corners of the mouth. He has thick, black, shaggy hair, and a robustness of physique that seems to assure vital power; and we feel that no wasting disease is likely to cut short either his life or his art.

JOEL BENTON.

CHARLES READE AS A NOVELIST.*

Doubtless, Mr. Reade's admirers—among whom we may count the booksellers, who find him so unfailing a source of revenue—will now renew the claim, already put forth, that, after Dickens, he is the greatest writer of prose fiction in our day; and they will now demand for him the laurel crown so long the undisputed possession of the author of "David Copperfield." If there were any doubts of Mr. Reade's popularity, they would be set at rest by the number of editions of his last work that have come to our table. Here is one from Sheldon & Company, who paid for the right to issue it in the "Galaxy"; here is another, from Fields, Osgood & Co., who give Mr. Reade a share in the profits from all his works; and here are three from the Harpers, who do not pay at all, we believe. Evidently, Mr. Reade does not want for readers. If a man's standing as an artist were settled by popular suffrage, there would be no need for criticism. But Miss Braddon and Sylvanus Cobb and Mrs. Southworth, also, are popular.

No clear-sighted criticism can give Charles Reade a place in the same region with Charles Dickens. They belong to different races. The two cardinal elements in novel-writing are invention, or plot-making, and creation, or character-drawing. Every successful novelist must possess both of these gifts in some degree, and one or the other of them in a high degree. All novelists may be divided roughly into inventors and creators, according to the preponderance of the one or the other of these elements. It is evident at a glance that character-painting is by far the noblest part of the art of novel-writing And the difference between the value of the two gifts is exceedingly great. It is the difference between the "Lady of Lyons" and the "Tempest." Frequently a great creator looks with contempt on the lower elements of his work. Shakespeare has no care that the plots of his plays shall be original. All the playwrights of his day could invent plots. But Shakespeare could take an old and well-worn story and lift it up to Heaven by the creation of characters. There were other singers in Homer's day, that could tell of battles; but they were not creators of men and gods, as he was. And they were mostly old tales that the Canterbury pilgrims of Chaucer told; but how by a stroke of his pen he made the old, hackneyed characters alive, individual, real, and typical! The plot of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is improbable and contemptible, but the characters are immortal. Just this we think to be the difference between the genius of Charles Reade and that of the other and royal Charles, whose scepter has but just slipped from his dead hand. Dickens began by writing a book the plot-work of which was indifferent. Nobody cares much how "Pickwick" comes out. In truth, it hardly comes out at all. It is a gallery of life-like portraits. Samuel Weller will always live while books are read; and Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz will forever plead the cause of outraged widows. Charles Reade has never yet made a single consistent character. He writes stories. His people are clumsy inventions. The story is always the main thing; and the people are dummies, whose use is to display the drapery of the plot. If the plot cannot be brought around to the next catastrophe (in catastrophes Mr. Reade abounds) without making one of his personages act in violation of every law of the nature with which the author has previously endowed him, Mr. Reade easily works a revolution in the being. He has no scruples about sacrificing the persons to the excitement of the story. Having made them, why should they not be clay in his hands? It is not so, however, that an artist works. His conceptions, his persons, are too real to be trifled with. It is only when a writer is thus limited by the offspring of his own genius, possessed by his own conception of the inner unity of character and the outer harmony of action, that he can be called a true creator.

Mr. Reade's women, spite of his evident effort to differentiate them, are all of a piece. The heroines of his different stories are sisters. The likeness is not only a family likeness, but a very marked one. In fact, we feel that we have met Grace Carden in "Griffith Gaunt" and in "Foul Play." All his women tread like cats when intent on any design, and writhe like serpents when they are hurt. The worst thing that can be said of any poet or novelist is true of Charles Reade. He has no really noble women. In fact, he knows nothing of women. He is not able to put himself in their places.

Mr. Reade comes nearer, we think, to the creation of an individual character in Jael, the subordinate heroine of the present book, than ever before. Jael's secondary position frees her, to some extent, from the ever-recurring and inexorable requirements of plot-making. And, if plot-making has ever been a vice with Mr. Reade, it is in the present story. We confess ourselves unable to put ourselves in the place of a writer who can have so much saltpeter, so many explosions, torpedoes, strong bows, broken grindstones, anonymous letters, conspiracies, daggers, false marriages, snow-storms, half-drownings, broken mill-dams, deluges, freezings, rescues, etc., etc., in one book, stringing every chapter up to the concert-pitch of anxiety, and then snapping it with a catastrophe. This is not art worthy the name. It is a series of mechanical tricks, of sleight-of-hand jugglery, of now-you-see-and-now-you-don't-see-it trifling; it is a very curious puppet-show. The approach to character-drawing in Jael, and the one piece of really picturesque writing in this book—the setting up of the forge in the church—go to show that Mr. Reade might have been an artist, if he had not been an ingenious literary stage-carpenter.

THE MONTHLIES.

The *Catholic World* opens with an article so significant that Protestant readers would do well to study it. The whole article is an sartful appeal against every form of progress and every idea of the age. The only thing that holds society together is the vast amount of latent Catholicism—"Catholicity," the Catholic writers call it—remaining in the Protestant churches. Red Republicanism, Fourierism, free love, and all the other bugbears are mustered in horrid phalanx to scare the Catholic voter who has any liberal leaning. The woman's rights movement is declared to be the very climax of the evil manifestations of the age, "more threatening to the public peace than the abolition agitation was at its commencement," etc. We think we recognize good, mediæval, disputatious Father Hecker in the article. He declares that it is in the power of the Catholic voter to provide the means for the permanent endowment of colleges, seminaries, and universities. Oh! ah! We see. The doctrines of those Protestants who wish the state to be a teacher of religion are to be logically followed by our Catholic friends; and we must pay for the endowment of Catholic colleges.

The Atlantic for July is a summer number. "The Alarm Bell of Atri" is characterized by the same traits as the other narrative poems of Longfellow. It is just such a poem as a critic can find no fault with, and shows the marvelous talent which the author has for being popular. Higginson discourses well of children, under the somewhat affected title of "A Shadow." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "A Woman's Pulpit" we mentioned last week. "Drives from a French Farm" is decidedly better than its predecessors. Burt G. Wilder treats the sex question all the way from plant-lice to men, under the title "Equal yet Diverse." Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town" story is an unmitigated sailor's yarn. There are two solid articles, which we cannot read until the weather moderates. Mr. Howell's "A Day's Pleasure" does not give us so much pleasure as his previous prose pre-Raphaelitism.

Blackwood's Magazine is chiefly significant for its unexpected adverse criticism of "Lothair."

Hours at Home continues Charlotte Brontë's letters, and has other good articles. But is not J. T. Headley about "run out"? We had hoped that we should never have any other Scripture-subject bedizened with the red paint of his rhetoric; but poor Deborah is here served up in the well-known style of the Sacred Mountains.

Lippincott's is pre-eminently a Philadelphia magazine. It is like the red brick houses, the wooden shutters, the clean sidewalks. It is a comfortable magazine, without any flutter of sensation or ambition. The leading article in the present number is from Justin McCarthy on "The Petticoat in the Politics of England." It is a very pleasant sketch of the influence of intriguing women on the House of Commons.

Putnam's Magazine opens with a poem by Stoddard on "The King's Sentinel." Mary Clemmer Ames, in the seventh chapter of her story, describes and analyzes a camp-meeting. Nothing much more commonplace could be found than the poem (if it is a poem) of T. Buchanan Read in the present number. The Editorial Notes are always good.

In the *Galaxy* Justin McCarthy speaks his mind frankly about English and American women. John C. Draper has a fascinating article on the deep-sea researches. The facts stated, however, are those which we have already laid before the readers of The Independent in our Scientific column. Mark Twain's Memoranda is as funny as ever. Ex-Secretary Welles replies to Mr. Weed in the present number.

Apropos to the declaration of the Pope's infallibility, we suppose, *Harper's Monthly* opens with an illustrated and harrowing article on the Vaudois and their martyrdom.

Appleton's Journal is not so good as it used to be, but more popular.

The *Phrenological Journal* has not lost in popular qualities, nor gained in solid excellence, since it swallowed *Packard's Monthly*.

—A bookseller may do much to push a book; but not unless the book has some merit. A Boston contemporary primes the public carefully for a novel, the publishers send it to us with the favorable notice extracted, and we try to believe that the promises of the publishers "will be more than realized." *Life and Alone* is the title of the story which is, if we may believe the kindly critic, to be "the popular book of the season." If it is, it will be because the season is inexpressibly dull. What shall we think of a hero who systematically neglects the woman he loves, in order to test her character? What shall we think of a proposal scene in which the lover reads the answer "in the half-veiled light of her soul-lit eye"? What shall we say of the compound marrying and mystifying that makes brother and sister fall in love, and that makes such a wonderful and, indeed, villainous plot, and then proposes to follow their destinies some other time—to get you to buy the next book, if you can be interested in that sort of reading? The book is praised for its "individuality." Individuality! It is monstrosity.

—If the public do not have the Bible in every shade of polyglot and oligoglot, with every imaginable sort of aid and appendix to the original texts, with gram mars and concordantial lexicons adapted to every want, it will not be the fault of Samuel Bagster. John Wiley & Son, of this city, sends us *Bagster's Analytical Greek Lexicon*, a work so full and minute that with it the most blundering fool can hardly go astray in attempting the folly of reading the New Testament in Greek. Every form of declension or inflection of every word in the Greek Testament is here given, telling precisely where it is made and from what word it comes. Why a person who does not know the elements of Greek grammar should attempt to read the Bible in the original before he has studied his "Easy Lessons" we do not understand; but no doubt there are many such, and for them, and for the lazy scholars who allow themselves to forget the language, but yet wish occasionally to spell out a sentence, we doubt not this will be very useful.

—Some time ago we had occasion to notice a translation of Winer's *New Testament Grammar*, made by Prof. Thayer, of Andover. We now have from Scribner, Welford & Co. an English translation of the same work, by Rev. W. F. Moulton. Why the translator was "not at liberty to make use of the additions" found in the seventh German edition we do not know. He speaks of them as "very scanty" and relating "entirely to matters of detail." If we mistake not, Professor Thayer thought them of sufficient importance to lead him to rewrite a large part of his translation. The volume is very handsomely printed, on good paper, in Jena; and the additions by the translator are very valuable, exceeding those in the American edition. Either edition will be an acquisition for the scholar's library.

—J. D. Russ, M. D., a gentleman who has given a great deal of time and thought to the education of the blind, sends us a novel specimen of raised printing. It is curious in two respects. It is an attempt to apply something of the Morse alphabet telegraphic principle to an alphabet to be read by touch; and it is also the first sheet ever embossed on both sides of the page. Although this alphabet of dots is a new one, the principle is not new, as M. Barbier's dot alphabet is more popular than any other in institutions for the blind in France. We heartily commend this experiment of an enthusiastic friend of the blind to all interested in the subject.

—Hugh Miller's *Leading Articles on Various Subjects* (New York: Virtue & Yorston) is a collection of the sparkling leaders in the *Witness* which gave Mr. Miller his reputation as an eminent journalist. Here are his trenchant articles on subjects that have not yet lost their interest.

—*Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain* is a condensed guide-book by Henry Winthrop Sayen.

—Appleton sends us *Contarini Fleming*, one of Disraeli's stories, and also *Breezie Langton*, by Hawley Smart. Both are in "yellow-covered" paper.

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Farm and Garden.

TALK ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.

At the Farmers' Club, Tuesday, June 20th, a display of strawberries was made by Reisey & Hexamer, and a paper on the same subject was read by Henry T. Williams, of THE INDEPENDENT, as follows, entitled

"STRAWBERRIES FOR THE MILLION."

No village garden or farmer's home grounds are now considered complete without the delicious strawberry. It brings health to many an enfeebled frame, quickens the physical energies, stays the hands of merciless disease or death, fills the household with delight, adds pleasure to the city lover, while to hundreds of anxious cultivators it proves often a godsend in their efforts for a livelihood. Let us look for a few moments at some simple, practical facts in their cultivation and management.

SOIL.

Almost any good garden soil will grow strawberries; but it must be well drained, warm, and not overrun with weeds or grass. A cold or wet situation will surely cause failure. It is useless to expect large crops of berries on light lands. In all soils deficient in vegetable matter the strawberry will never attain a rank, permanent growth. A shovelful of manure must be applied to every hill, which will support the plant for one or two seasons, after which other stimulants must be given to keep it up. On such poor lands I think it best to grow nothing the first year. Simply sow the fields over with clover or buckwheat, then plow it in, and continue the same process for one or two years, by which time the land will have some strength of its own to give to the plants growing upon it. Even then the manure must not be omitted. On good strong, heavy, or clay lands the strawberry will thrive and produce immense crops. It is on such lands only that strawberry culture can be really made a steady, profitable occupation.

MANURES.

The strawberry is one of the most exhausting crops ever cultivated. Its roots search every available inch of the soil within a foot of the surface; and, unless liberal applications of manure are given yearly, the ground becomes impoverished. Some soils are already so good heart that no stimulative is needed. Many of Mr. Knox's fine berries have been grown on land five years which has been manured but once, and that moderately. But he stirs his land deep and keeps his plants in hills. On the other hand, our friend Dr. Hexamer finds it necessary to spread 50 to 100 loads of manure per acre every three years, and keeps it up steadily. The best method of applying manure on strong soils is broadcast the fall before planting, on light lands directly in the hill, and in the winter mulch with coarse manure also. Next to barnyard manure, the best of all applications, but sometimes too full of weeds, or so adulterated by stablemen as to contain but 10 per cent. of the "Simon-pure" article, and 50 per cent. straw and bay-seed, I select a well prepared muck, composed of swamp muck composted with lime and fermented during the hot months of summer, or worked over during the frosty days of early winter. Plow a furrow where the plants are to be set, and scatter the muck thickly along the row; then put the plants directly upon the top of it, and they will not fail to make good hold. Next to this is pure bone-meal. For the past two years I have relied on bone-meal entirely. Superphosphates are not to be trusted; but the former, selling for $10 a ton less, has been worth fully 100 per cent. more, and always excellent for all descriptions of fruit. This I apply in quantities of 1,000 pounds to the acre, scattering immediately over the plants set before a rain or in a moist, cloudy day. The best time of year is about the 1st of August. The plants are then recuperating from the last spring's crops and forming new buds for the coming spring. The bone-meal supplies an agreeable nutriment, without excessive stimulation. Special fertilizers and solutions are sometimes used in gathering. Liquid manure is always good. A pound of potash dissolved in a barrel of water will cause the plants to throw out an immense number of runners. A pound of sulphate of ammonia dissolved in a barrel of water will cause the plants to produce an immense amount of fruit, but has a tendency to cause them to mature very late. In the spring-time light sprinkle of guano, say 500 pounds per ton, broadcast, may prove a great help; but in general I think it always bad policy to force plants forward. There is sure to be a reaction some time; and nothing is so desirable as a good preparation beforehand, and then a steady, onward growth, every part of the plant becoming well matured and able to bear heavy crops without strain. The phosphatic manures are the best fertilizers for all kinds of fruit.

PLANTS.

A great drawback in successful strawberry culture is in poor plants. I have no doubt the failure of many a cultivator dates back to the time when he preferred to get his plants from cheap dealer, at three or four dollars a thousand, rather than from one who had a reputation and a pride in sending out prime stock, well-rooted. In nearly every case this cheap stock proves completely worthless; either the varieties are all mixed, the plants are small and feeble, or they are thrown carelessly into barrels, without care in packing, and arrive at their destination a disconsolate mass, injured, heated, and dying. Even if the living ones are planted out, they soon die, in spite of the most persistent effort to keep them alive; and at the end of the season those which remain have but precisely as much as those obtained from higher-priced dealer. I really think good strawberry plants cannot be properly grown of unexpectable size, dug, handled, packed, and safely shipped at less than $8 per thousand. One thousand good plants, well planted and established, will give the grower, with their runners, a better stock for his bed or plantation than 3,000 obtained at a cheap rate. Every time I have purchased cheap stock I have lost money; and it is well for all beginners to avoid it, if they would be successful. They must undertake less work, but do it more thoroughly.

PLANTING.

In the latitude of New York and northward the spring is the only favorable season for planting. The plants will have the advantage of the spring rains, get well started, grow finely, and produce a good crop the succeeding spring. Fall planting in this latitude is more often a failure, the plants not living through the winter, nor having a crop the next season. But south of here, below Philadelphia, fall planting is quite successful, and average crops are obtained the next spring. I want to call special attention to two important particulars. *First.* Never heel your strawberry plants, nor buy them in nurserymen plants that have been heeled over winter. I have always found such a failure. *Second.* In packing or unpacking your plants, always keep the roots away from the light of the sun. Select a cloudy or wet day for planting. If possible, wait before a rain or just at night-fall. It is also wise to shade the plants a little until they get fairly started. I received once two dozen of plants from a dealer. The first were set up in the spring from the nursery, and the last not put in the field just before a rain. They have proved a splendid success. The last lot had been heeled during the winter, were not planted until after the rain, never did well, and I have plowed them up. The loss to me has been fully $200.

DISTANCES.

Varieties differ greatly in their treatment. Some do best in beds, some in rows, some in hills, some running all over the ground. They should be plowed under after their first crop, others after the second; but I prefer following two systems for varieties named below: *First.* For family use, put in rows two feet apart and plants one foot in the row, making a bed about 15 feet wide and from 25 to 100 feet long; 100 good strawberry plants will just fill a bed 10 by 20 feet; such a bed well tended, will supply a family every day in season as long as the variety lasts. If the bed is not over 100 feet, and filled with early, medium, and late varieties, the family can enjoy a continual feast for two months. The whole need not cost $30, and never could be better expended. *Second.* For market, I like to grow in hills 18 inches apart, and rows by feet apart. I think it a decided injury to put plants too closely together. Their roots need considerable space to ramble in, and I am satisfied the more room we give our plants the stronger will be our stools and the greater the productiveness. An acre of plants in hills two feet apart will yield twice as much as one where the plants are a foot apart, manure and cultivation being the same. The Wilson is a variety sure to bear under any sort of treatment; but the Jucunda and Triomphe de Gand, and in general all first-class choice varieties, must be grown in hills and kept well-trimmed.

CULTIVATION.

Keep the cultivator stirring every week during the first year. Keep down the weeds and grass, or you will lose your berries; clip off the runners constantly. The effect of this practice is wonderful; the plants, having now no interference from weeds, nor runners to support, make a fine growth, form large shoots, and are able to mature large quantities of fine berries. Strawberries must not be left to take care of themselves.

MULCH.

Every fall, just as the ground freezes, cover the field completely with mulch. This consists simply of salt-hay, straw, leaves, or chopped cornstalks. I consider this the most important of all points in the culture of berries. It prevents the plants from being injured by the winter weather, it protects the soil from scorching sun in time of drought, it often doubles the crop of fruit by supplying moisture and coolness to the roots of the plants, while it also keeps the fruit from contact with the earth, and assists in rapid ripening and fine coloring. Plantations that are mulched regularly never send any sandy or gritty berries to market. It will pay any man to apply $25 to $50 worth for every acre in cultivation. Salt-hay is the best, wherever obtainable, and will last two seasons. About ten loads to the acre will be needed.

CLIPPING OFF THE LEAVES OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

There is another point in fancy strawberry culture not generally known, and perhaps may not be believed. After a hill of berries has borne for one or two seasons, it is well to cut off the old leaves and fruit-stalks, and permit a new top entirely to form. The effect is sometimes wonderful in the next crop, which is often the finest ever produced. A neighbor, whose patch of Wilsons had borne for three years, and was very full of weeds, looking pretty well "played out," after fruiting time, permitted the runners to run freely over the ground, and also the weeds and grass to grow in abundance for two months. Then, taking down his scythe, he went into the field and mowed everything from beginning to end. He supposed the plants would die out, and in their place next spring there would be a good patch of grass. To his astonishment, next spring he had the largest and finest berries as well as the most prodigious crop ever known. This practice is a common one among many English gardeners, whose fruit-grounds are celebrated for the beauty, excellence, and productiveness of the fruit. It is a practice we cannot yet recommend here for general trial until we know a little more about the best time and best manner to do it; but the theory is very plain. It relieves the plant of the incubus of its old leaves and fruit-stalks, now nearly exhausted; and, while the roots are still in full vigor, it forms new tops and sets for the coming year. It seems to be a very reasonable and proper practice, as much so as the pruning of trees and shrubs.

PROFITS.

The profits of strawberry culture have been greatly exaggerated. I have no doubt many will support me in the assertion that no branch of rural industry demands so much labor, labor, capital, and yet is so uncertain, as fruit-culture. Production varies exceedingly. On the light lands south of us the average number of quarts per acre is about 1,000. Very few fields average over 1,500. Prices, too, have been fluctuating and unremunerative. It is likewise impossible to provide for the safe arrival of fruit in market; and every cultivator must expect a good share of losses and disappointments in the course of each season. My field of four acres is well attended to in every respect; yet I lose from $200 to $300 yearly in spoiled fruit. Seasons, too, are often disastrous. A wet season will cause the fruit to be too soft, while a dry season cuts short its size and quantity. Multitudes enter into the business who do not calculate the cost or the chances. I would not like unworthily to disturb the "halo of pleasure and enthusiasm" stimulated by such books as "Ten Acres Enough" and "Gardening for Profit"; but I think a little experience now and then will do far more good and yield a more wholesome influence. I believe the people generally would rather have the truth than the fancy of any such promised profits. It costs me $500 per acre to properly get a bed of strawberries into bearing, or $300 exclusive of land. Of this, $100 is capital expended in berry-baskets. Still I make my land pay all expenses, interest on cost, and a profit of from $100 to $200 per acre per annum. Our neighbors call us very lucky; for none of them are able to approximate these figures. I believe the average profits in Delaware are not over $150 per acre, while in South Jersey they will run from $100 down to zero—more frequently the latter. I do not believe in strawberries as a farm crop by ordinary farmers. With them it is generally a failure, and it is from such that the impression so disastrous gluts, disturbances, and poor fruit in our markets yearly. It is a business fit only for gardeners, who can devote time to a small spot of ground, manure thoroughly and cultivate well. It certainly cannot be made permanently successful on any other plan. While I have observed the rush into large strawberry farms of 20 acres or upward, yet the natural result after a while is to dwindle down to less than six, or else to be given up entirely. I advise no fruit-grower to depend on one crop alone; but to have a variety, one succeeding the other. Even then I would not depend upon fruit exclusively; but would have a little extra land on which to grow food to support the family, horse, and cattle, if the fruit crops should fail. Manure is one of the most important Items. He will need immense quantities, and it must be made at home. Every dollar spent off the farm for manure diminishes the profits. To make the business truly successful, every grower must endeavor to secure a home market, as well as a distant one.

VARIETIES FOR MARKET.

After cultivating a large number of old and new varieties, I have thinned my list down to the following: For market, Wilson, Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand, to which I might add for trial the Barnes Mammoth. All that a market berry needs is good size, firm flesh, and deep red color. Flavor is of minor consequence. The Wilson is our main reliance. The Triomphe de Gand pays with fine treatment, heavy soil, and good prices. The Jucunda is doing better every year, as Mr. Knox's system becomes better understood. The Fillmore is hardly second to the Jucunda. They must be grown only in hills and the runners vigorously clipped.

VARIETIES FOR FAMILY USE.

In addition to the above, I would select the Green Prolific, Russell's Prolific, Chas. Downing, Boyden No. 30, Napoleon Third, Lady Finger. Among the new varieties, the Nicanor is very early and sweet, but small. The Michigan Seedling, late and also sweet, berries of moderate size, very productive. The Napoleon Third does well on heavy soils and is exceedingly fine flavored. The Wilson and Green Prolific never disappoint the planter. The Russell's Prolific is still an excellent family fruit. *The Agriculturist* and I do not agree. The taste is nauseous and I have given it up.

THE FUTURE OF STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

I will give a few important points, which, if we observe, will enable us to redeem some of the disappointments of past years. *First.* We must encourage more than ever the extensive cultivation of strawberries for family use. Thousands of country homes are yet without a plant, and we can never overdo the business of inducing many more families to indulge in such simple and lasting enjoyment. Fruits for the family will always pay. *Second.* Strawberry growers for market must locate nearer the markets where the fruit is sold, and devote more attention to *late berries.* The rage for early fruit has carried cultivation so far south, into Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, that we have now here few home-grown berries; and there is a period of two or three weeks before the 1st of July when there is actually a slight scarcity of strawberries. Home-grown fruit, being also more fresh, is worth a higher price. I believe the time for cheap strawberries has in a measure passed. Delightful as it may be to gratify the desires of those large-hearted philanthropists who would supply thousands of poor families with an abundance of cheap, delicious fruit; and while I, too, believe in strawberries for the million; still I must not forget that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and more than one anxious cultivator has found to his sorrow that it does not pay to raise strawberries at 10 cents per quart.

After the reading of the paper and remarks by Mr. Quinn and others, Dr. Hexamer made a few statements respecting the berries he had on exhibition. He indorsed all that Mr. Williams had said, and continued: When I am asked which variety is best, I say, Plant Wilson to begin with. We sell more plants of this variety than of all others combined. It grows well everywhere, in any sort of soil, in hills or rows; endures neglect well, though good cultivation pays here, as everywhere else. True, the Wilson is very sour; but that is no objection in the eyes of city purchasers, who buy for color and size. The Triomphe de Gand is with us more profitable; so is the Jucunda—these sorts selling in New York for about three times as much as the Wilson. We have engaged our entire crop at 40 cents net. We have been able to do this because the gentleman to whom we sell has found our berries well packed. The big ones are not all at the top. It is hard to make a good name in the New York market; but it is harder to keep that name for years, success is such a tempter. But, once forfeited, a good name cannot be regained. I am very particular that the quality of my berries shall hold through all the boxes and in every part of each box. Intelligence, good sense, and perseverance are just as necessary to make a good grower of strawberries as they are for a builder of railroads. I have spent ten times as much in getting ready to make good strawberries as I supposed I would; but at last the business is on a paying basis.

The Triomphe has hardness, is more solid, dryer, and less liable to be affected by rain than Wilson and most other sorts. It needs more care; and to find out where it succeeds one must make experiment. When one knows that he can raise good Triomphes there is more money in it than in any other variety; but he must get his land in high condition. It has cost me $300 an acre to put my strawberry grounds in prime order. The Jucunda I like less; it is softer, but keeps about as well as Wilson. A good point is that it continues large to the end of the season. Early varieties we do not raise, except for local market. First in the list of these I class Brooklyn Scarlet. Burr's Pine is a little later, but more prolific; softer, but grows everywhere. French Seedling is hardy, but has a disagreeable taste. The most prolific early variety is the Downer. Nicanor is first-class, and comes just before the Wilson. The Ida, another very early variety, I do not recommend. Lady of the Lake changes its color, like the Wilson, after being picked a day or so. Barnes's Mammoth is not very good, according to my experience, the present season. Boyden's No. 30 has a long, soft neck, which makes it unfit for a market berry, but is superior in most respects to the Agriculturist. For drying and preserving there is nothing better than the Lady Finger. This is very late. The Green Prolific is even later, but very soft, and liable to be injured by rain. Lenning's White is the highest flavored of any, and, if it were a little more prolific, there would be nothing better for home use. The meanest and poorest of all the sorts is the Colfax, which was sent out last year with a sound of trumpets. I invested $20, and would sell now for 20 cents. This shows that it costs something to test the new varieties which are offered from time to time.

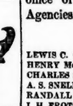
MR. READE.—One of the best suggestions made here to-day is that men all over the country go for the culture of strawberries for a home market. I live near a village of 3,000 inhabitants. They use now, perhaps, 1,000 quarts a year, and they would use three times as many if they could get them. They pay an average of 25 cents a quart, and, as those that raise them market them with moderate cost, the profit is large.

AGRICULTURAL.

RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS.

Depot 99 Maiden Lane, New York.

WHAT EVERY FARMER WANTS. The Rogers & Wells New Grapple. Patented March 1, 1870.



Adopted by every farmer who becomes familiar with its advantages. With it pulleys can be affixed to rafter or beam, or changed in one minute, without the use of a ladder. Warranted to give entire satisfaction in every instance. Farmers, there are now no agencies established, as the small price of three dollars and fifty cents ($3.50) covers the two (2) Grapples and one (1) Holder). Or for two (2) dollars single Grapple, includes one Grapple and one (1) Holder). Upon the receipts of which we will send to any one who supplies, without extra charge.

For further information send for descriptive circular, in which you will also ascertain where you can secure the best Horse Hay Fork in the world. Circulars furnished free on application to ROGERS & NELLIS, Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

VINEGAR HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, IN SIX HOURS, Without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

FURNITURE, CARPETING, ETC.

FURNITURE AT REDUCED PRICES.

A large assortment of new styles Parlor, Library, Chamber, and Dining Suits. Also Cottage Setts in all Colors.

Just out, the NEW SOFA-BED, combining a SOFA and SPRING BED.

HAIR MATTRESSES AND BEDDING.

Wm. H. LEE,

No. 199 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and Greenwich street, and

277 Canal Street,

One door East from Broadway, N. Y.

T. BROOKS & Co.,

Furniture and Upholstery Warehouse,

Nos. 127 AND 129 FULTON ST.,

(Corner Sands street), BROOKLYN.

We use none but the best seasoned Wood, and the finest materials. Patterns are new and elegant in design, and our Workmanship unsurpassed.

CURTAINS IN EVERY STYLE.

PURE HAIR MATTRESSES AND SPRING UNDERBEDS.

Goods delivered in New York free of charge also packed to any part of the country.

Bedding! Bedding!

AT SCHENCK & RYON'S BEDDING WAREHOUSE can be found, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, the largest and best-assorted stock of FEATHER-BEDS, BOLSTERS, PILLOWS, PINE

American Live Geese, Russian, and German FEATHERS.

White, Black, and Gray Hair, Husk, Moss, Sea Grass, Straw MATTRESSES and PALLIASSES.

BLANKETS, COMFORTERS, COUNTERPANES.

MARSEILLES and LANCASTER QUILTS.

Linen and Cotton SHEETS and PILLOW-SLIPS, Plain, Ruffled, and Embroidered to order.

Canvas-bottom and Slat COTS, SPRING MATTRESSES, etc. Bed Laces, Towels, Napkins, Dowlas, Tickings, and Burlaps in every style and quality.

STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, and PRIVATE DWELLINGS furnished at short notice and at reasonable prices, of the best materials and workmanship.

MATTRESSES RE-MADE and FEATHERS CLEANED equal to new.

☞ Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

SCHENCK & RYON,

205 Canal, cor. of Mulberry st., N. Y.

FURNITURE.

E. W. HUTCHINGS & SON,

99 and 101 Fourth Avenue,

Formerly 475 Broadway,

Manufacturers of RICH DECORATIVE and PLAIN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, and DECORATIONS. One of the largest assortments in the city. Designs furnished and estimates given.

Frost, Black & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dealers in and Manufacturers of First Class

FURNITURE

OF EVERY VARIETY,

No. 69 Bowery, near Canal street, New York.

STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS Furnished at the Shortest Notice.

All goods purchased of our house guaranteed as represented.

R. W. FROST. JAMES BLACK. GEO. SNYDER.

W. A. WILLARD & CO.,

LOOKING GLASSES,

177 CANAL STREET,

Second Block west of the Bowery. NEW YORK.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

FURNITURE,

CARPETS and MATTRESSES,

Wholesale & Retail.

MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Christie St., and 130 and 132 Hester St.,

NEW YORK.

(CONNECTED UNDER ONE ROOF.)

We have on hand the largest stock of entirely new patterns and designs for furnishing Houses throughout ever offered by one house in the city, and at a great deduction in price.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION.

Second and Third Avenue cars pass our stores.

ENTRANCE 87 and 89 BOWERY, New York.

SYPHER & CO.,

(SUCCESSORS TO D. MARLEY.)

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE, BRONZES,

CHINA, and ARTICLES of VERTU.

Established 1826.

INVALIDS' TRAVELING CHAIRS, from $15 to $45, for in and out-door use. Any one having use of the hands can propel and guide one. Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about. Invalids' Carriages to order. Patent Sedan Carrying Chairs. State your case, and send stamp for circular. STEPHEN W. SMITH, No. 90 William street, New York.

BEDDING!

JOHN H. WILCOX & CO., NO. 59 Fourth avenue, opposite Stewart's upper store, importers & A. Horse Hair, manufacturers and dealers, wholesale and retail, in Hair, Feathers, Moss, Husk, Sponge, Eureka Mattresses, Spring Beds, and Bedding. Feathers washed and purified by Bond & Sheldon's patent process, Live Steam. Old Feathers renovated by steam, and relieved of disagreeable odor.

JOHN H. WILCOX, formerly of Meilen & Wilcox.

INSURANCE.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

NEWARK, N. J.

Organized in 1845.

LOSSES PAID ON LIVES OF DECEASED MEMBERS, $8,264,615

DIVIDENDS OF RETURN PREMIUMS DECLARED, $11,189,389

ASSETS SUBJECT TO ALL LIABILITIES JAN. 1, 1870, $19,345,640

NUMBER OF MEMBERS, 46,000;

AMOUNT INSURED, 130,000,000

The usual Dividends paid in 1870, and Two ordered paid in 1871.

The above Statement is presented by the Directors as the result of twenty-five years' business.

Conducted with prudence, nothing has been lost on investments.

Managed with economy, the expenses have always been small, the Dividends always large, declared annually, and paid when due.

Neither Directors or Officers are allowed commission on business or loans, and none have acquired wealth in the Company's ervice.

Intending hereafter, as heretofore, to act as faithful Trustees for the members, the Directors offer the benefits of this Mutual Life Association to all of sound health who desire to insure their lives, on the most favorable terms.

Reports, Tables, and other information on the subject furnished gratis at the office of the Company or any of its Agencies.

DIRECTORS:

LEWIS C. GROVER, JOHN R. WEEKS, HENRY M'FARLAN, NEHEMIAH PERRY, CHARLES S. MACKNET, JOSIAH O. LOW, A. S. SNELLING, JOSEPH A. HALSEY, RANDALL GREENE, JR., CONGAR, I. H. PROTHINGHAM, OSCAR L. BALDWIN.

LEWIS C. GROVER, PRESIDENT.

H. N. CONGAR, Vice-President.

EDWARD A. STRONG, Secretary.

BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer,

AMZI DODD, Mathematician.

SAMUEL H. LLOYD, STATE AGENT.

Eastern District of New York,

137 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Assets, - - $12,000,000.

Income, - - - $6,500,000.

This Society presents all the real advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.

Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.

It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.

Special attention is directed to

THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN

of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.

The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by its ample and perfect safety.

Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving or paying out notes as premiums or losses.

The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:

In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.

"THE EQUITABLE" (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the New York Ins. Department—Report*, 1865.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M. D., } Medical
ALFRED LAMBERT, M. D., } Examiners.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

144 and 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

ASSETS, OVER $37,000,000 CASH.

INVESTED IN LOANS ON BOND AND MORTGAGE OR UNITED STATES STOCKS.

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, Vice-Pres't.

JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.

C. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.

LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

63 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK.

Policy Holders Participate in Profits.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITING and Convertible into Annuities.

SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President. F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary. CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, Counsel. EDMUND FOWLER, M.D., Medical Examiner.

GUARDIAN

Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 251 Broadway.

Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.

If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue ANNUALLY thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.

Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.

NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.

In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. JOHN A. DIX.....New York.
Hon. JAMES HARPER.....Firm: Harper & Bros. Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE.....President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HODGES.....Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE.....Banker, (Vermilye & Co.)
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD.....Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE.....Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN.....Banker.
THOMAS RODNEY.....Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. B. SHERMAN.....Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD.....Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
RICH'D H. BOWNE.....Firm: John Weimore & Bowne.
R. V. HAGHWOUT.....Firm: R. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS.....Firm: W. Wilkens & Co
JAMES H. PRATT.....Merchant.
WILLIAM M. WRIGHT.....Merchant.
CHARLES J. STARR.....Merchant
WILLIAM ALLEN.....Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER.....Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE.....Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD.....Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM.....Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT.....Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FABLE.....Counselor.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL.....Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.

WILLIAM T. HOOKER, Vice-President. LUCIUS MCADAM, Actuary & Secretary.

W. E. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

ATLANTIC MUTUAL IMSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., } NEW YORK, January 26th, 1870.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869.....$6,090,637 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869.....2,538,001 23
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....$8,628,639 05
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869.....$6,472,915 41
Losses paid during the same period.....$2,302,245 46
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....$1,337,630 49
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock.....$7,895,200 00
City, Bank, and other Stocks.....
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise.....$3,148,400 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....$10,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....2,313,453 60
Cash in Bank.....888,797 53
Total Amount of Assets.....$14,449,508 94

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and cancelled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, C. A. H. MCCURDY, HENRY COIT, WM. G. LAMBERTSON, WM. H. WEBB, JAMES CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, ROBERT L. STUART, GEORGE HOLBROOK, ROBERT B. MINTURN, R. WARREN WESTON, GORDON W. BURNHAM, C. A. HAND, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, CALEB BARSTOW, JAMES LOW, S. P. PHILLIPS, GEORGE L. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, WILLIAM E. DODGE, JR., ROBERT L. STUART, ROBT. C. FERGUSSON, SHEPPARD GANDY, DAVID LANE, ROBERT L. TAYLOR, JAMES BRYCE, WILLIAM H. BUNKER, FRANCIS SKIDDY, SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, DANIEL S. MILLER, JAMES G. DE FOREST, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT.

JOHN D. JONES, President.

CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.

W. H. H MOORE, 2d Vice-President.

J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

ECONOMICAL MUTUAL Life Insurance Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.

For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, 1,095. Insuring $2,588,090.45.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,382,136.68.

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. MCKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., Manager for the City of New York, Office 10 Wall-st., N.Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON, ST. LOUIS, BOSTON, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

TO CANVASS FOR A

Life Insurance Co.

APPLY TO THE

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' Life Insurance Company,

49 WALL STREET, N. Y.

MANHATTAN

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE 156 AND 158 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.

ASSETS.....$6,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME.....2,500,000.

Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.

HENRY STOKES, President.

J. L. HALSEY, Secretary. C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assistant Secretary. S. M. STEBBINS, Actuary.

Agents Wanted.

CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK,

Nos. 22, 24 & 26 NASSAU St.,

CONTINENTAL BUILDING.

Policies issued - - 25,000.

Assets - - - - $3,750,000.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.

J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.

EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK,

Office 139 Broadway.

The Empire has achieved a success without a parallel in the history of Life Insurance.

3100 Policies issued in Eleven Months, insuring over $7,000,000.

OFFICERS:

G. HILTON SCRIBNER, President.

SAMUEL H. WATERS, Actuary. GEORGE W. SMITH, Vice-President.
THOS. K. MARCY, M. D., Medical Exam. SIDNEY W. CROFUT, Secretary.
EVERETT CLAPP, Superintendent Agencies.

PHŒNIX Mutual Life Ins. Co., HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, securely invested.....$5,081,970 70
SURPLUS, free of all liabilities, 1,868,904 50

Ratio of Assets to Liabilities larger than that of any other Company of equal age, being

158 of Assets to every 100 of Liabilities.

DIVIDENDS paid to Policyholders.....$532,466 18
INCOME in 1869.....$2,423,979 00

Since the commencement of its business the Company issued policies upon more than

43,000 LIVES!

And it has paid in losses nearly

One and a Quarter Million Dollars

to the families of those who have deceased while members of the Company.

The progress of the Company for the last Five Years has been as follows:

Assets at end of year.	Surplus at end of year.
1865.....$903,384.71	$481,541.41
1866.....1,627,314.98	896,017.51
1867.....2,219,344.39	819,215.23
1868.....3,064,960.15	1,262,199.09
1869.....5,081,973.56	1,868,904.50

Within the past five years its Assets have increased more than Four and a Half Million Dollars, notwithstanding over Half a Million Dollars have been returned to Policyholders in Dividends, and over Three-Quarters of a Million Dollars paid for losses by death during that period.

As evidence of the special care taken by the Company in the selection of risks, it may be mentioned that *its ratio of losses paid to amount of risk is smaller than that of any other Company of equal size.*

TABLE OF COMPARISONS OF THE BUSINESS OF THE YEARS 1867, 1868, and 1869.

	1867.	1868.	1869.
Number of policies issued in	1,867	2,509	5,811
" "	1868		2,509
" "	1869		5,625
Increase of 1868

HARRISON SAFETY BOILERS

OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.

JOHN A. COLEMAN, Agent,

New York.....110 Broadway.
Boston.....139 Federal street.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of classic and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 30 John street, New York.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

Nos. 29 JOHN St. and 19 MAIDEN LANE,
IMPORTERS OF
FRENCH CLOCKS and BRONZES.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

A BLIND ADHERENCE TO OLD ideas is absurd in this age of brilliant discoveries. When an invalid can drink the actual, counterpart of the famous Seltzer Water in his own chamber, why should he done himself with revolting cathartics? TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT is the equivalent of that peerless combination of effervescent and tonic elements, and is admitted to have no equal in the materia medica as a remedy for indigestion, biliousness, general weakness, constipation, and tendency of blood to the head.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Reed & Barton

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
PATENT SEAMLESS-LINED
ICE PITCHER,

which, after a careful test by Dr. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, was approved by him as preserving water perfectly pure.

Also are manufacturers of

ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE

of every description.

Factories established at Taunton, Mass., in 1824. Salesroom at Factory and
NO. 3 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

HARNESS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

FINE CARRIAGE and ROAD HARNESS of every description on hand and made to order. I use only the VERY BEST MATERIAL, and WARRANT all goods as represented.

Also HORSE CLOTHING, in great variety, at wholesale and retail. Saddles, Whips, Bridles, etc., of MY OWN importation, at the lowest cash prices.

R. CAMPBELL,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER.
60 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, ENGLISH SADDLES AND BRIDLES, WHIPS, BLANKETS, SHEETS, ROBES, Etc.,

Etc.

Single Harness, complete, $8 to $175 per set.
Double " $20 to $400 per set.
Saddles $4 to $250 a piece.

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DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

This Remedy does not simply relieve for a short time, but it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and *I will pay $500 reward for a case that I cannot cure.* "Cold in the head" and Catarrhal Headache are cured with a few applications. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, stopping up of the nose at times, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watering or weak, feel dull, have pain or pressure in the head, you may rest assured that you have Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in Consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. I will send my pamphlet on Catarrh to any address free. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is now

SOLD BY MOST DRUGGISTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 60 cents, or four packages for two dollars. Beware of *counterfeits and worthless imitations.* See that my *private Stamp*, which is a *positive guarantee of genuineness*, is upon the outside wrapper. Remember that this private Stamp, issued by the United States Government expressly for stamping my medicines, has my portrait, name, and address, and the words "U. S. Certificate of Genuineness" engraved upon it, and need not be mistaken. Don't be swindled by travelers and others, representing themselves as Dr. Sage: I am the only man now living that has the knowledge and right to manufacture the *genuine* Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I never travel to sell this medicine.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N.Y.

BOYNTON'S

BRICK-SET AND PORTABLE
FURNACES,

Adapted for burning Anthracite and Bituminous Coals and Wood.

LOW AND ELEVATED DOUBLE-OVEN
RANGES,

BALTIMORE FIRE-PLACE HEATERS. HEATING, COOKING, AND LAUNDRY
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Send for circulars.

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At Greatly Reduced Prices.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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Also a general assortment of
FINE SILVER-PLATED WARE.
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BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad Dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful; BLACK or BROWN Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly supplied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond St., N. Y

ASK YOUR WATCHMAKER FOR A
BOREL & COURVOISIER
NICKEL EQUILIBRIUM ESCAPEMENT
LEVER MOVEMENT.

The best made in Europe and America. OFFICE & SALESROOM, 16 Maiden Lane, next door to the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
199 Broadway, N. Y.,
Sole Proprietors, Manufacturers, and Patentees
OF THE
CELEBRATED
PORCELAIN-LINED SILVER-PLATED ICE-PITCHERS,

SUPERIOR IN ALL RESPECTS TO ANY NOW MANUFACTURED, AND ARE ENDORSED BY DR. HAYES, STATE ASSAYER OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHOSE CARTIFICATE ACCOMPANIES EACH PITCHER.

Having the largest manufactories IN THE WORLD, and facilities unsurpassed, we offer extraordinary bargains in superior Electro-plated Table Ware of every description.

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White Metal. Nickel Silver.

Warehouse and Salesroom,
No. 199 Broadway,
AND AT THE MANUFACTORIES,
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SILVER-PLATED
PORCELAIN-LINED
ICE-PITCHERS.

The Latest Improvement and the Best Article Made.

TIFFANY & CO.,
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INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

First Mortgage, CONVERTIBLE, SINKING FUND, SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Coupons Payable April and October 1st.

FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

This is an East and West Road, 205 miles in length, running from Indianapolis, Ind., to Pekin, Ill., through many large cities and thriving towns, as well as the richest Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Coal-Mining districts in Indiana and Illinois.

The Road has 36 Depots, located in towns that contain in the aggregate a population of 100,000, thus averaging over 900 inhabitants to every square mile within a radius of a half mile of the track on the whole line, which, with the thickly-populated and rich country adjoining, with a population of over 600,000 within 20 miles of this line, will furnish local trade more than ample to make it a first-class paying road; while its numerous and valuable connections, the business will be such as to make it one of the best and most profitable roads in the country.

The whole line is completed except thirty-five miles of the division in Indiana, which is nearly all graded and under contract to be finished in June next; hence 170 miles of the road is now in full operation, and equipped with new first-class rolling stock, consisting of 25 locomotives, 25 passenger coaches, 17 baggage and express cars, and 750 box, stock, and coal cars.

THESE BONDS ARE SECURED BY A FIRST MORTGAGE ON THE RAILWAY, ITS ROLLING STOCK, DEPOTS, WAREHOUSES, MACHINE SHOPS, LANDS, AND THE ENTIRE PROPERTY OF THE COMPANY.

By reference to any map, it is easily seen that this is a Grand Central Trunk Road, through one of the wealthiest and most prosperous regions in the United States, connecting direct with all the principal lines on the East, leading to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore on the Atlantic; and on the West with Quincy, Keokuk, Peoria, Burlington, Rock Island, Davenport, Omaha, and the Pacific. Thus, on the whole, forming the grandest and most favorable connections for through business of any road in America.

And, while this road has such true and valuable connections for through trade, it is entirely independent of same. The local business is certainly more than enough to sustain the road. Its geographical position is enough, located as it is amid all that is requisite to require it as a real necessity—and substantiate all that is said in its favor—which is fully demonstrated by its present business. The monthly earnings now amount to more than double the interest on its bonds, and it is safe to estimate same at least four times as much immediately on the completion of the road, and with a progressive future equal to any road in this country.

These Bonds may be registered in the name of the owner, if desired, free of expense, and are convertible into Stock of the Company at par, any time, at the option of the holder. Hence the importance of such option greatly increases their value, as the Stock cannot be increased only by exchanging for a like amount of Bonds.

A prominent and important feature of the Company is the fact that its capital is limited to $5,000,000 Stock and $5,000,000 Bonds, on which there can be no change, except by the conversion of the Bonds into Stock; and then the total capital will always remain the same. $2,000,000 of these Bonds are set aside, in trust, with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York City, to redeem and cancel the Bonds of the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad Company, now merged into the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway. Of the remaining $3,000,000, over $1,500,000 have been sold here and in Europe.

Having carefully examined this road, from time to time, during its construction, the substantial manner in which it is built, with its complete equipments, also being familiar with the wealth and resources of the Country along the line, the worth and responsibility of the Company, its efficient management and present earnings, we do not hesitate to recommend the Bonds as a first-class security to all seeking investments about which there can be no question. We are authorized to offer them at 90 and accrued Interest in currency. At this low price, without doubt, the loan will be quickly marketed. The certainty that the Government will soon fund the 5-20s into a 4 to 5 per cent. Bond makes it desirable for holders to look for some better paying investment. Thus, by exchanging 5-20s for Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway Bonds, the present premium will be saved, making a difference of 20 to 25 per cent. on the capital, and better rate of interest.

Bonds delivered at all points free of express charges. All marketable securities received in exchange at best rates.

Turner Brothers,
BANKERS,
NO. 14 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

Financial & Commercial.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE SENATE.—THE INCOME TAX.

YES, three times three cheers for the Senate! We are almost inclined to say, with the lamented Lincoln, "Sing Old Hundred." Last Friday the income tax received its death-blow in the Senate Chamber of the United States. It was stricken out of the tax bill by a two-thirds majority; and this would seem to settle the question that the Senate will vote for no bill that includes a renewal of this tax. The House must recede from its position, and concur with the decision of the Senate, which will kill the tax; or it must insist upon retaining the tax, and thus disagree with the Senate, which will just as effectually dispose of this unpopular and exceedingly offensive tax. If the Senate remain firm, the income tax is dead and gone. There is no need of any law to repeal it, since the act imposing it dies in 1870 by its own limitation. We exhort the Senate to resist all compromises that propose to continue this tax in any form beyond the present year. The loss to the revenue of the Government can easily be made up, if necessary, by such modifications of the tax bill as will furnish an ample equivalent.

The history of the income tax may be told in a few words. Levied in the time of *war*, it was patiently borne by a patriotic people on the ground of its stern necessity. Continued in the time of *peace*, when no such necessity either demanded or justified it, this same tax aroused the most earnest opposition among the same people. The public voice said, "Down with the income tax"; and yet the House, in 1870—five years after the close of the war—seemingly smitten with judicial blindness, resolved to engraft it as a permanent feature upon our system. The Senate, more wise, and honorable contract between the employer and the employé, but of coercive exaction—in principle, no better than the plunder of a band of horse thieves. All such systems, whether on the part of employés or employers, are crimes against society; and no man that means to be honorable, will ever be a party to them.

The labor market of this country is *free*, and must be kept free, to all who chose to enter it, whether to buy or sell labor. It should be just as free to the negro or the Chinaman as to the Irishman or the Frenchman. The price of labor, like the price of commodities, is a question that should be left to the voluntary action of men, under the general law of supply and demand. The two prices, for a rule, so grade themselves to each other as to preserve a just equilibrium. This is always their tendency, and hence they need no artificial force, especially in this country, for their regulation. The general rate of prices, with the reduction of the premium on gold, is falling; and this means that paper money is increasing in the degree of its purchasing power. The money cost of living is less than it was; the *products* of labor will not bring as much in the market as they did two years ago; and hence there is no good reason why wages should not be proportionately reduced. If the Crispins want to retain war prices for labor, then they ought to be willing to pay war prices for the commodities they consume. There are two sides to this question. An extravagant rate of wages for making shoes necessitates either the ruin of the manufacturer or a high price for the article. If the market will not bear the price, then the business must stop or the Crispins must pull down their colors.

Moreover, so far as the question of Chinese labor is concerned, we take the liberty of saying to these Crispins, and all other Crispins, whether they belong to the elect or the non-elect, that the Chinaman have just as much right in the labor market of this country as any other class of men. We advise them not to try the foolish experiment of making water run up hill. Prices have their level by a law which, though it may be resisted for a time, is, in the end, too strong for any artificial combinations.

NATIONAL BANK-NOTES—LEGAL TENDER.

THE twenty-third section of the National Banking Law provides that the notes of national banks "shall be received at par in all parts of the United States in payment of taxes, excises, public lands, and all other dues to the United States, except for duties on imports, and also for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the national currency." This law, within the limits specified in the section, and subject to the exceptions named therein, makes these notes a *legal tender*, and gives them uniform value throughout all parts of the country. It so far places upon them the broad stamp of a *national* currency.

In 1834 the British Parliament passed an act by which the notes of the Bank of England were made a legal tender for all debts except those owed by the bank itself, and also required the bank to keep on hand a gold reserve at all times adequate to the coin redemption of these notes, in addition to the deposit of government stocks as a guaranty for such redemption. The Bank was authorized to issue fourteen and a half millions sterling of notes upon an equal amount of Government securities, and then add to this issue other notes, from time to time, corresponding with the amount of gold in its vaults. This secures the convertibility of its notes at its own counter, guards against over-issues, and makes the circulation as stable and uniform as the government itself. No better paper currency ever existed among men. For thirty-six years the English Government has tried this policy, with signal benefits to the public. The notes of the Bank of England now perform all the functions of money throughout the entire realm, and are so guaranteed that, upon presentation to the Bank, they can at any time be converted into gold. The policy has long since ceased to be an experiment, and become an established success.

Assuming, then, that our greenback circulation is ultimately to be retired, and that the notes of the national banks, guaranteed by Government bonds, and made redeemable in coin, are to take its place, we are of the opinion that, when these results are gained, these notes should be invested with the *legal-tender* quality, during the period of their redeemableness in coin, for all purposes except the payment of debts owed by the banks themselves. In this respect we would make them analogous to the notes of the Bank of England. They are already a legal tender for all debts due *to* the Government, with one exception, and all debts due *by* the Government, except for the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt. We see no reason why they should be a legal tender to pay the salary of the President or other officers of the Government that is not just as applicable for making them such in the hands of the President. If Congress may compel him to receive them in payment of his salary, then it has the same right to invest them with the highest attributes of money when in his possession. By the very terms of the Banking Law it assumes the function of creating a national currency, making it in part a legal tender; and, if so, then plainly it ought to make it the best paper currency within the limits of its power. Let the Government, as is now the fact, demand of the banks ample guaranties for their note circulation; when greenbacks are withdrawn, and specie payment resumed, let it require this circulation to be redeemable in coin at the banks issuing it; then let it extend the legal-tender quality to the payment of all debt obligations, except where otherwise stipulated; and the country will have a bank circulation as perfect as the Government can furnish, as secure as the Government itself, as uniform in its value as gold, and hence liable to no depreciation. This we regard as the final step to be ultimately taken in bringing our national bank currency to its highest usefulness.

We would not dispense with gold as the monetary standard of the world, or authorize a permanently irredeemable paper currency. Yet we believe that Congress has the constitutional power to determine *what* shall be money; and, moreover, that, if it undertakes to supply a paper currency for domestic use among the people, it ought to make that currency just as good as gold—thus investing it with all the sanctions of the Government and bestowing upon it a strictly *national* character. The experience of Great Britain for thirty-six years proves the value, the safety, and the entire practicability of such a bank-note circulation. Why should not the notes of our national banks possess in this country the same character as those of the Bank of England in the British realm? Having this character, they would be as good a currency as it is possible for any government to supply. We hope to see this result attained in due season.

We learn that the Coupons due July 1st on the bonds of the Chicago, Cincinnati, and Louisville Railroad Company, advertised in our columns for sale by Messrs. Caldwell & Co. and J. A. Underwood & Son, will be paid on presentation at the office of Caldwell & Co., 27 Wall street, on and after that date.

RAILROADS AND THE GREAT WEST.

THE rapidity with which companies are organized and railroads built is the marvel of the age. Ten years ago, for one to have asserted that within a decade the locomotive would have run from New York to San Francisco, he would have been regarded with suspicion; and yet the spring of 1869 witnessed the triumphant completion of the Union and Central Pacific roads, the greatest work of any age. These roads, which have now been in successful operation but about eighteen months, are already overrun with freight and travel; and, in order to meet the necessities of the people, other roads have not only been projected, but are now being rapidly built. The Southern Pacific is to be constructed from Denver, Colorado, immediately upon the completion of its eastern connection, the Kansas Pacific. The great Northern Pacific, under the able direction of Jay Cooke, is being rapidly pushed; and one year hence one-half of this, too, will be done. The enormous grants of land from Congress to further the construction of these roads, while comparatively worthless without a railway, become at once of immense value upon the completion of one. All of our far Western states and territories are wonderfully productive, and are now tempting an enormous emigration. Kansas, which but 12 years ago was the scene of border ruffianism and civil war, now counts her rich villages and populous cities by the score. Colorado is prospering likewise; while Denver, her capital, is destined to rank, within ten years, as one of the great central points of the Far West.

The 100th meridian is the natural route for a transcontinental railway, and St. Joseph, Mo., was originally selected as the starting-point for the Union Pacific road; but rival interests proved too strong for the adoption of this plan, and Omaha, one hundred miles further north, was finally determined upon. Now, however, the wants of the people for a more direct and rapid means of communication from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast than that offered by the Missouri Pacific and Council Bluffs road from St. Louis to Omaha has induced capitalists to construct a short line of seventy-two and one-quarter miles between St. Joseph and Lexington, thus touching the Missouri at both points. This road is almost an air-line, and is known as the St. Louis and St. Joseph Railroad, and on the 4th of July will be formally opened to the public. The St. Louis connections of this road at Lexington is the North Missouri, one of the finest enterprises of the state. West from St. Joseph a road is now being rapidly constructed due west to Marysville, a distance of 111 miles; thence northwest to Fort Kearney, there connecting with the Union Pacific, a distance of 271 miles from St. Joseph.

When this great enterprise is completed the distance saved from St. Louis to Fort Kearney will be over 100 miles. This enterprise is known as the St. Joseph and Denver City Railway; and, in addition to the great natural advantages which it offers over all other rival roads in point of time, the Company have had donated to them by a special act of Congress 1,600,000 acres of the finest lands of the old military reservation. The State of Kansas, appreciating the necessity of this line, has wisely donated the Company a grant of 250,000 acres. We are informed that some 70 miles of this road is already completed, and on the first division of 50 miles, from St. Joseph to Hiawatha, the Company are running regular trains—the receipts from this source alone already amounting to more than enough to meet the interest upon the entire bonded debt of the eastern division of $1,500,000. Another feature of general interest to those who are in the habit of placing their surplus funds in good railway bonds is the very low rate at which this road is bonded—but $13,503 70 per mile; and the Company, to pay their 8 per cent. interest upon their bonded indebtedness, are required to earn but $120,000 per annum net. We are also informed that the Company have authority to issue their bonds only upon road that is absolutely built. Taking, therefore, into consideration the character of the gentlemen engaged in this enterprise, the liberal donations of land, the low rate per mile at which the road is bonded, and more important than all, the saving of distance, we think the security offered to be beyond question.

MONEY MARKET.

VERY little interest is now felt in the reports of the money market, for the reason that they are of so uniform a character; but this uniformity is specially satisfactory if it is not exciting. To be sure it indicates a dullness in business when money continues to rule at so low a rate of interest on call loans as 4 to 5 per cent. for week after week; but it is a sign of a healthy condition of trade that an easy money market has not had the effect of stimulating wild speculations, such as are usually supposed to owe their origin to low rates of interest. Money is in good supply for all the legitimate purposes of commerce; and, judging from the last weekly statement of our Associated City Banks, it is likely to continue so for the remainder of the season. It certainly will be, unless a powerful combination, such as have been formed in past seasons, should undertake to create a stringency by withdrawing greenbacks from circulation, expressly for the purpose of inaugurating a panic. In the present condition of our banks, while they have an excess of legal reserve amounting to $22,000,000, it would hardly be possible to accomplish such an object. The following are the figures of the Bank Statement:

	June 18.	*June 25.*	*Changes.*
Loans	$276,000,004	$277,017,347 Inc.	$328,363
Specie	28,895,971	28,221,985 Dec.	695,986
Circulation	33,072,943	33,094,113 Inc.	21,170
Deposits	219,362,859	217,952,458 Dec.	2,410,397
Legal tenders	58,120,311	57,215,235 Dec.	904,076

There is nothing unfavorable in the items of loss to the banks in legal tenders, specie, or deposits, for they have already more money than they can employ to advantage; and the loss represents shipments to the West, where money is required to move the crops and make business lively.

Gold has had a falling tendency all the month, and the failure of the broker last week who was carrying a large amount, said to be five millions, for young Ketchum, who has been speculating actively again on the Gold Exchange and the Stock Exchange, has made it still weaker. On Monday it fell to 110¾, but the average price was about 111.

The heavy payments of gold interest by the Government, which commenced this week, and will amount to full $30,000,000 in July, must prevent any rise in the premium.

The payments on the July bonds and the dividends of the various corporations to be disbursed in New York during the month of July will exceed fifty millions; and, as a very considerable part of this large amount must necessarily be seeking reinvestment, the effect can hardly fail to be felt upon the market value of bonds and sound dividend-paying stocks.

The course of prices on the Stock Exchange since the first of June has been a good deal of a puzzle, as well a disappointment to many of the sagacious and experienced operators of Wall Street. The uncertainty of congressional action in relation to financial schemes that have been planned in Washington will account in part for the anomalous condition of affairs in Wall Street, but not fully. The latter part of June had been confidently looked forward to as sure to bring a revival of the speculative spirit; but it brought the reverse, and on Monday [illegible] closed.

COAL.—The inquiry is fair for East at previous cargo prices; from yard it is selling at $5 75@$7 per ton of 2,000 lbs. Foreign is quiet and prices uncertain.

GINSENG.—A fair demand for Choice Western at 80 cts. Other kinds are unsalable.

GUANO.—Only a limited business passing and prices are nominal. The supply limited of Peruvian.

HAY.—A fair shipping demand for good run at 80@85 cts. per cwt. and at retail 90 cts. @$1 10 per cwt. Straw is firm but quiet, at 90 cts.@$1 05 per cwt. Short, 95@80 cts. per cwt.

OIL CAKE.—A good demand for Western, which is scarce. Sales of 170 tons at $44 currency. City is nominal and quiet.

OIL MEAL.—The inquiry is very light and prices are nominal. The business at this season is always moderate.

SEEDS. A limited inquiry for Clover Seed at 14¼@14½ cts. Timothy is dull and heavy at 7 20@$7 50 per bushel. Rough Flaxseed is dull and nominal at $2 15@$2 30 per bushel. The new crop promises much better than three weeks ago. Calcutta Linseed is selling here at $2 25 gold, and at Boston $2 27½ per bushel gold.

STEARINE.—Only a limited inquiry for this staple—not enough doing to give tone to the market.

TALLOW.—The market is quiet but firm; the supply of Prime City is moderate. This is in fair request. Sales of 170,000 pounds at 9⅝@9¾ cts. per pound for Western and 9¾@9¾ cts. for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1870.
[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

REMARKS.

THERE was a more animated trade in Beef Cattle the past week, and prices show an advance. Cows and Calves show but little change. Veal Calves are lower. Sheep and Lambs higher, with a good demand. Swine firmer.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	16¾@17	16¾@17
First quality	15¾@16½	15¾@16
Second quality	15¼@15¾	14 @15½
Third quality	13 @14¼	13 @14
Inferior	10 @13	10 @13
Average of all sales about	14 @16½	14¾@15

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.
COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$65@80	$70@100
Good	75@ 80	75@ 80
Fair	50@ 70	50@ 70
Inferior and Common	40@ 45	40@ 45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	9¾@10	9¾@10
Good	8 @9¼	8¾@9¾
Common	7 @7¾	7 @7¾
Inferior	5 @6	6 @7

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice, per lb	7¾@8	7 @7¾
Extra	6¾@7	6¾@7
Good	6¼@6	6¾@6¾
Fair	5 @5½	5¾@6
Common	4½@4¾	4¾@5

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	*Dressed, per lb.*
Corn-fed	9 @9¾	11½@11¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1870.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city,) is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	12¾	Wamsutta	13¾
Merrimack, D	12¾	Wauregan	13¾
Cocheco, L	12¾	Arnold	13½
Sprague	11¾	Hamilton	13½
Pacific	11¾	Richmond	11¾
American	11¾	Independence	10
Dunnells	11¾	Mourning	10
Lyons	11¾	Lancaster	10
Manchester	11¾	Oriental	10

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Roanoke	15
Berkshire	15	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14¾	Pepperell, R	13¾
Lawrence, C	13	" R	12¾
" D	11½	" O	11½
" H	9¾	" E	10½
Pacific, Extra	14	" B	10
" H	11½	" A	9½
Atlantic, A	14	Boot, S	13½
" H	11½	" R	12½
" V	9¾	" O	10½
Appleton, A	13½	Appleton, A	13½
Lawrence, L	13	Lawrence, C	13
" C	11½	" O	11½
Indian Head	14	" B	10
Exeter, A	13½	Lyman, E	13½
" H	11½	" A	11½
Medford	14	Tremont, C	13½
Augusta	14	Indian Orchard, C	13½
" A	11½	" B	11½
Pittsfield, A	13½	" A	10½
Pittsfield, B	11½	Great Falls, H	13½
Bedford, R	9¾	" E	11½
Pocasset	9¾	" D	10½
" A	9¾	Dwight, A	13½
Newmarket, A	11½	" B	11½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills, A	20	Bernards, AA	14½
Wamsutta	14½	Mystic Lake	14½
"	12½	Ballou & Son	14½
Tuscarora	14½	"	12½
Rare	14½	Lonsdale	12½
White Rock	14½	" Cambric	14
Forestdale	14½	Ajax	13½
Masonville	14½	"	12½
Blackstone	14½	Barker, A	14½
Empire	14½	" 33-inch	16½
"	12½	" 31-inch	15½
Lonsdale, 45-inch	18	James L, 36-inch	14½
" 36-inch	16	" 32-inch	13½
Wamsutta	14½	Great Falls, C	14½
Pepperell	14½	" E	13½
"	13½	" A	11½
"	12½	Red Rock	11½
"	11½	"	10½
"	10½	Waltham, X	13½
"	9¾	" 42-inch	16
Utica	14½	" 36-inch	14
"	13½	"	12½
"	12½	"	11½
"	11½	Bay Mills	14½
Boot, R	14½	Bay State	11½
"	13½	Amoskeag, A	13½
"	12½	"	11½

Long Cloth.....13½ | Wide Sheeting.....15

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	20	Otis Company, CC	20
York	18	" BB	18
Star Hill	12½	" AA	15
Warren Manf'g	12½	Warren, Brown	20
Union	18	Lewiston, Brown	18
Manchester	15	Columbian	15

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	20	Whitestone,	20
York	18	" BB	17
Uncasville	18	" A	15
American	18	Eagle	20
Hamilton	20	Thorndike	20
Everett	18	Haymaker	14

Swift River	14	Methuen, A	15½
Methuen, A	15½	Hamilton, Regular	22½
Hamilton, Regular	22½	Willow Brook	27½
Willow Brook	27½	Everett	15½
Everett	15½	" Extra	30
" Extra	30	Hampden, CC	20
Hampden, CC	20	Pearl River	50
Pearl River	50	Pittsfield	10½
Pittsfield	10½		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	12½	Pepperell	14½
Laconia	12½	Bates	14½
Naumkeag Satteen	16	Indian Orchard	11½
New Market	10½	Everett	14½

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	15	Appleton	15½
Pemberton	15	Tremont	15
Laconia	15	Augusta	15
Stark, A	15	Winthrop	15

DELAINES.

Pacific	17	Lowell	17
Hamilton	17	Sprague	17
Manchester	17	Armures	18

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	19	Salmon Falls, AA	20
Laconia	18	Amoskeag, A	22½
Pemberton, C	16½	Manchester	18½
" A	20	Ellerton, P	20
Nashua A	16½	O	17

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June, 1870.

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MA FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY, WHITE GOODS, CY
MA HOUSEKEEPING and FURNISHING Goods, CY
MA BOOKS, AND STATIONERY, Etc., CY
MA At Popular Prices. CY
MA R. H. MACY, CY
MA Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue. CY

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MOHAIRS, MOZAMBIQUES, SUMMER POPLINS.
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